



messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

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Our Next Issue...

Will include articles on a Su-
wannee River cruise under sail;
some details on the Maine Island
Trail; a report on a Connecticut
kayak paddling group; yet "Moa
Proa", this one a racing proa de-
signed by Commodore Munroe; an-
other Townie adventure by Tom,
"It's Not Over 'til the Fat Lady
Sings"; a visit to a South Carolina
wooden boat show; and detailed
looks at Ed Corkery's "Cajun Pi-
rogue" paddling skiff, Ed Barlow's
"Pacific Pelican" day sailer and
Wes Farmer's "Sundance" outboard
cruiser.

On the Cover...

Enjoying the small pleasures
of paddling obscure backwaters,
two reports, one from Florida, one
from Massachusetts, in this issue.

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

Somehow, in November I got
caught up in a whirlwind tour of
maritime museums, as a whole se-
ries of events unfolded that drew
me in.

It started with a visit to the
Eighth Annual Symposium on South-
ern New England Maritime History
at Mystic on November 5th. I have
wanted to see what it is that at-
tracts people to these erudite gath-
erings at \$35 per. This year the
lineup looked especially promising:
Warren Riess discussing the dis-
covery of the "Ronson Ship" be-
neath Manhattan streets; Dolly
Newcomb telling of her life in a
coasting schooner family; Martin
Butler talking about New Bedford
as a commercial seaport; and Daniel
Moreland telling the story of the
Grand Banks Schooner "Ernestina",
which he skips. The fifth
speaker, Benjamin Labaree, spoke
on redefining maritime history,
more of a history scholar's theme.

Well, they were all pretty in-
teresting. But it was the delightful
Dolly Newcomb who held the crowd
of about 200 enthralled with her
first ever attempt at public speak-
ing, talking of growing up in a
big, close-knit Nova Scotia family
formed around her coasting schoo-
ner skipper father. Her affection
and admiration for her father was
total devotion, and justly deserved
it became apparent, as her tale un-
folded about an indomitable man
pressing on over all adversity in
the dying days of the coastal
schooner trade between Nova Scotia
and New York. It all ended in 1941
when one of his schooners skip-
pered by his eldest son, with a
daughter's husband on board, was
run down by a night convoy and
lost with all hands. When Dolly
concluded her talk, the room sat
hushed as it had been for the en-
tire hour, and then the ovation was
tremendous.

A week later we dropped in
for a while at Plimoth Plantation
where the Colonial Maritime Associ-
ation was holding its annual con-
ference. The emphasis was on ar-
cheological aspects of that era this
year, with an array of scholars
from here and abroad as speakers.
We sat in on the talk by Dr. Colin
Martin of St. Andrews College in
England, a world authority on the
Spanish Armada. About 50 people
attended and this one carried a \$75
registration fee so you know they
were serious. The key point I ab-
sorbed as a layman in all this was
how the various shipwrecks are un-
usually attractive collections of ar-
tifacts for the dates of their sink-
ings are very exactly known, and
what they have on board is often
quite a cross section of the time's
everyday goods.

On November 15th we
journeyed to Strawberry Banke in
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for a
more involved reason. They are
considering hosting a one-day
wooden boat builders' gathering
next July for practitioners of that
trade to display their craft and
craftsmanship. Dave Dupee and I
have agreed to help organize what
is envisioned as a low key gather-
ing of wooden boat builders and
enthusiasts at this very appropriate
historical location. More details as
they develop.

That evening we dropped over
to nearby Essex where the Ship-
building Museum was featuring lo-
cal retired shipbuilder/historian
Dana Story presenting an illustrat-
ed lecture on the Gloucester vs.
Halifax schooner races of the 1920's
and early 1930's. Dana's a great ra-
conteur and had some great slides
of old black and white photos of
those days. He was a youth at the
time growing up in his father's
shipyard business. Arthur D. Story
launched hundreds of Gloucester-
men, a few of which were involved
in these races. The Essex Ship-
building Museum is closed now un-
til spring, but it's a great little
two hour stopover in season, run
by an enthusiastic group of volun-
teers who have now hired a profes-
sional to run the Museum.

At month's end, as I write
this commentary, we're just back
from a visit to Boston's Museum of
Fine Arts to view the paintings of
Fitz Hugh Lane. We mentioned this
exhibition recently under our
"Happenings" at the suggestion of a
reader. Well, this is a fascinating
collection, especially if you are
from Gloucester or Cape Ann. About
half the paintings are along the
Cape Ann shores and in Gloucester
harbor. Lane's detail work on the
ships is painstaking and he gathers
a variety of types together in his
bigger harbor scenes. You can soak
up the marvelous light in the skies
of his work (he was a "luminist
school" practitioner) or look over
the ships and small craft in detail,
either way a couple of hours spent
here is very rewarding for the tra-
ditional wooden boat enthusiast.
But, you'll have to go see it before
December 31st, that's when the
show concludes.

Well, all of this should ex-
plain some of the appeal our mari-
time museums have. None of my
visits, each with its own particular
purpose, were boring or dull. I'm
not a scholar, and really don't
wish to delve deeply into our mari-
time history, but a superficial
awareness of it all acquired in
such a pleasant way helps a bit
with my perspective on why I enjoy
messing about in boats today.

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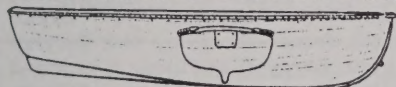
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"You would appreciate one of the latest arrivals, a high dollar Italian "Rio" very much down on her luck, with parts of her twin 440's strewn where the half-naked ladies used to sun themselves. She's under consideration by a man who collects unusual boats in California, so maybe she's destined to once again be adorned by those ladies. There's something satisfying about returning such a boat to the circles where she belongs.

In contrast, a Hutchinson sedan that still has her World War II military number painted on her roof, recently departed by truck. A much more somber craft that has probably led a far more sedate life. If only these things could talk.

Recently had a visit from a man looking for a triple cockpit runabout because of memories of making out with his girl friend in the rear seat while her dad was up front driving. He didn't buy what I had in that line, so maybe it was just his story used on all the antique boat dealers. Yet, the things boats have seen, and the roles they have played in people's lives would be great stories to be told.

Another recent visitor was a fellow whose family once ran a speedboat ride concession at an amusement park with three 22' Chris Crafts. He sold the boats in 1961 for \$700, \$400 and \$300 prices. Now he's trying to find his old boats again. Little likelihood he'll have any luck.

History is a lot more than just words and I enjoy my contact with it and like to see these boats come to life with people's memories. When they become designs for replicas for those wishing to be different, then they become just objects again. When people have heard the stories that go with the original boats, they have more reason for preserving and caring for them."

HE'S GOT SOME STORIES

I enjoy your magazine very much as I am a long time "Messer Abouter". I've got some stories that might be of interest to your readers.

For example, I made a sliding seat rowing rig for my aluminum canoe and made 9' spruce oars for it. I do a lot of flat water kayaking and canoe paddling and found that for sheer miles per energy output, this rowing rig is great.

I also restored a 1950's vintage 15' plywood sailboat and installed in it a 1910 St. Lawrence inboard engine. I did a lot of work on the engine and was pretty excited when I first ran it in the boat in the water.

One of the things I like best about your magazine is the low key, relaxed approach.

Jack Hurt, Dalton, MA.



Your Commentary

THOSE OFFSET OARLOCKS

The October 15th issue had an inquiry on page 19 about offset oarlocks. I have seen no responses to it as yet, so take the liberty to reply myself.

The question of "how" is not one I can answer clearly from an engineering viewpoint. It is, however, a style of oarlock developed long ago for racing and has been in use by recreational oarsmen for some time. I saw it on Arthur Martin's shells back in 1981. It was also pictured in Pete Culler's book on small boats and rowing.

I adopted it for my Chamberlain dory as the oarlocks are available. They work well except for close approaches to yachts and floats where easy removal is limited by the narrow top opening which prevents the oars from jumping out of the lock at the end of a strong pull.

The oar always enters the water at 90 degrees and begins its effective pull immediately. And the blade levels at horizontal for the feathered return stroke. A bit of grease on the leathers lets the oars rotate easily the 90 degrees in these locks for feathering and the following catch. Try a pair, you will like them!

Bill Haley, Marblehead, MA.

BEHIND THE TIMES BOAT SHOP

I am not a professional boat builder but I hope to pursue this after I retire from my historian career. I have built a 15' Sam Rabl "Teal" and restored an old wooden Dyer sailing dinghy. My hope is to earn enough from some of these projects to build my own gaff rigged cutter designed for me by Fred Bingham.

Hank Shorreck, Pasadena, MD.

NOT INTIMIDATED

Hooray! Enjoyed your commentary in the November 1st issue. Keep the rag the way it is. I am not intimidated by your magazine and therefore am educated and entertained, sometimes by the articles, sometimes by the workboat appearance. We all need the freedom to experiment and come up short of perfection. You are achieving what the magazine is all about, a working magazine for "doing it" boat people.

Gene Calipeau, Seattle, WA.

ELEGANT LITERARY PLANES & COLLECTORS ITEMS

I have enjoyed your magazine over the past year or so since being introduced to it by Dynamite Payson. At times, your contributors wax elegant and hit literary planes not expected to be found in a magazine with such a scruffy title. The recent article on "Moa on the Proa" was very good, until I read it, I never really understood the beauty of the beast.

While searching through some back issues, I found I had two issues, both marked "Volume 6, Number 2", one dated June 1, 1988, the other July 1, 1988. Now, my questions are, am I the only one with such a set? Will these become collectors items? Should I care for them as one would a misprinted postage stamp that will mature in value over the years?

Bob Archibald, Chattanooga, TN

ED. NOTE: Yeah, the "4" pasted onto the July 1st issue layout fell off, revealing the "2" underneath. Everybody got them. Maybe some day ALL issues of "Boats" will become collectibles, like 1902 issues of "Rudder"?

ANOTHER TRY AT A KAYAK

Please send me the "Cockleshell" patterns and instructions. Last year I built a wood-framed, canvas skin covered 14' kayak straight from a book by the British designer Percy Blandford. I enjoyed building it but the kayak, though quite fast, is just too tippy for overweight me. Hope yours is more forgiving.

Albert Crichton, San Antonio, TX.

ED. NOTE: "Cockleshell" is stable for sure, but also slow (8' waterline!).

MOA ABOUT THE PROA

The text you cite in the November 1, 1988 issue, p. 10-12, is from the well-known volume by H.C. Folkard. The H.C. may stand for Henry Coleman, but the book is usually known as Folkard's "The Sailing Boat". The 1870 edition was the 4th and was reprinted in 1973 by E.P. Publishing Limited, Wakefield, England. The Ladrone Islands, incidentally, are now called the Marianas.

Muriel Parry, Mitchellville, MD.

NEWS FROM AN ISLAND

I recently received your offer of a free sample issue in a mailing from Dynamite Payson and was pleased to find a publication of interest to small boat people that comes out more often than once every couple of months.

Stuck on this island of Puerto Rico, I can't think of a better thing to do than to try my hand at building boats, so I'm started off with a little punt that Phil Bolger designed, featured some time ago in "Small Boat Journal". If it sells, I'll go on to something else, if not I'll enjoy using it with my kids.

I just got back from St. Kitts where I was told of an old boat builder on the island of Nevis who still builds the old fashioned way, sending workers up into the mountains looking for natural crooks of limbs and stumps for stem pieces and ribs. Reminds me a little of home back in N. Brooklin, ME.

Having grown up on Eggemoggin Reach, I think I've read every strange tale of crossing great oceans in small boats. Some pretty crazy people sail out of Maine or have a home port of call there when not off on some jaunt around the world. So I wondered whatever happened to the two young men who were leaving Lubec, ME, for Florida sometime last year by sea kayak. I was in Cape Canaveral when I read about them in a local paper. I never heard if they got further south than Boston. Has anyone else?

I'll be here for another two or three years and look forward to 1992 when all the tall ships of the world sail into San Juan Bay to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the arrival of Christopher Columbus.

Richard Eaton, Vega Alta, PR.

KAYAK OUTING AT BEAL ISLAND

We had a fine weekend of sea kayaking in late October at the AMC camp on Beal Island in Maine. The trip was run by Frank Stockwell who was very good at it. He leads a lot of AMC and scout trips and is an enthusiastic kayaker. Beal is a great base location from which to paddle a choice of tidal areas and there are indeed some pretty severe tidal currents if you hit some spots at the wrong time. Our Nautiraid worked very well and we're beginning to get the hang of using it now, disassembly is now down to just 15 minutes!

John Hopkins, Cambridge, MA.

I CAN STILL PADDLE

Chuck Wright picked me up a few weeks ago and we had a nice canoe paddle up the Mashpee River. I can still paddle at 77! It was great!

Sloat Hodgdon, W. Falmouth, MA.

FINALLY FINISHED "JABBERWOCK"

I have finally finished rebuilding/repairing "Jabberwock", the 1933 vintage Starling Burgess/Billy Atkin designed 23' pocket cruiser, sister ship to "Dormouse" and "Mad Hatter" and Joe Garland's "March Hare", that I rescued from a South Shore boneyard in August, 1987. The last brushful of copper paint went on her bottom October 14th. Casting common sense to the winds, Joy and I launched her in Gloucester Harbor the next day.

Still some work to be done, but I bent on her old sails on the 24th, fired up her old 8hp Palmer inboard, cracked manifold and all, took her out in the inner harbor, cut the engine and hoisted sail. She hesitated but a moment before remembering in her 55 year old bones (not a few of them, freshly sistered) what it was all about. I gave the sheets a tweak or two, she took a whiff of the fresh nor'wester, tucked her round little bows into the chop, and went right to work as though she'd not been out of the water these past five years.

We boomed on down to Dog Bar on a broad reach in a matter of minutes, picked up Joe Garland in "March Hare" for company, and for the next half-hour these two little vessels from out of the past waltzed back and forth across the harbor in grand reunion. We're looking forward to lots of good fall sailing now, as is "Jabberwock" herself.

Tom Halstead, Manchester, MA.

YOUR MAGAZINE PULLS

Please cancel our classified ad for our 17' Grumman canoe and sail rig. Your magazine PULLS! Two hours after I received my issue, the canoe was bought, paid for and disappearing down the driveway. The buyer had actually called me an hour before I had my own issue in hand.

I'm now preparing that \$50 double kayak (now named "Tern") we bought from a reader's classified ad last spring for a two-tone blue paint job. We've had some wonderful outings this summer in this boat.

Fred Moller, Jaffrey, NH.

A SAD NOTE

On a sad note, I must announce the death of a dear friend of mine and the TSCA, Harold Herick, Jr. He had just published the book, "The Skiff and the River" by John Keats, and was at the Clayton Show in August, along with the book's illustrator Michael Ringer, promoting it's sales. Harold will be truly missed by all who knew him.

It's a sad time of the year, pulled the boat last weekend and laid it up. I am going to restore one, and possibly another, small boat this winter.

Ernie King, Lake Hopatcong, NJ.

THE INSTANT BOATBUILDER

I'd like to inform your readers of my goals in publishing my little newsletter, "The Instant Boatbuilder". I have intended it to be a free-flowing conduit of ideas, a journal of experience, opinion, and comradeship amongst the self-chosen few who are possessed of the demon that urges one to get out on the water in a boat of one's own construction (although I admit that for some like myself, the building is almost the end in itself). Each builder brings a different and personal perspective to his task and this is cherished in our fellowship.

I feel it must be said again and again that anyone who wants a boat can have one, for not much cost and within a reasonable time. Most begin with small boats and are surprised to learn how easy it is to build one. Once you've built YOUR instant boat, you perhaps need our little newsletter less, you're more likely to write us about your more advanced new project. This may create an impression that we are only interested in these more advanced projects, but this is not so. Ask your questions here, dream your dreams, tell your tales for all of us in this "instant boat" world. LIVE your dreams!

Jeffrey Hull, Corpus Christi, TX.

ED NOTE: Jeffrey publishes "The Instant Boatbuilder", an 8 page professionally printed newsletter for those interested in this subject. Subscription is \$5 for five issues (they come out periodically as news received dictates). Back issues can be purchased for \$5 for the lot, at present. "The Instant Boatbuilder", 5514 Wooldridge Rd., Corpus Christi, TX 78413, (512) 992-5348.

ANOTHER PROJECT ON THE DOORSTEP

I recently purchased "Leal", the 1912 Fay & Bowen inboard launch owned by Chapin Condit that was featured in the October 1, 1983 issue of "Boats". Chapin has recently suffered failing vision and since his sons were not nearby to Lake George and were not much interested in the boat, I was able to exercise an option to buy it I had received from him several years ago. She's Hull #564, built in 1912, with a 1914 inboard engine. This winter I intend to completely redo the engine so that it is reliable and no longer so leaky of oil. It has a total loss oiling system but unfortunately much of that total loss goes right into the bilge.

The cedar hull is nearly perfect but the oak ribs are about 50% gone. Hence much hull leaking and a certain amount of anxiety underway should it choose to just split down the middle. So another project arrives on my doorstep, but it's a great feeling to have a piece of history in my own boathouse.

Bill Dutcher, Pilot Knob, NY.



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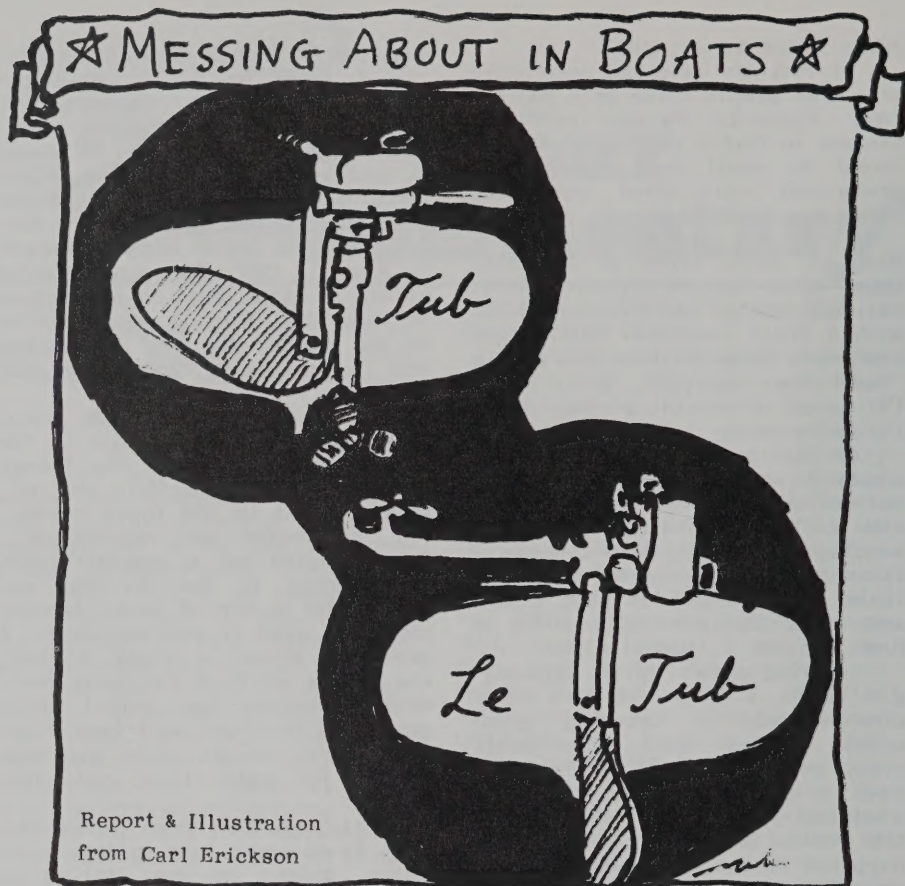
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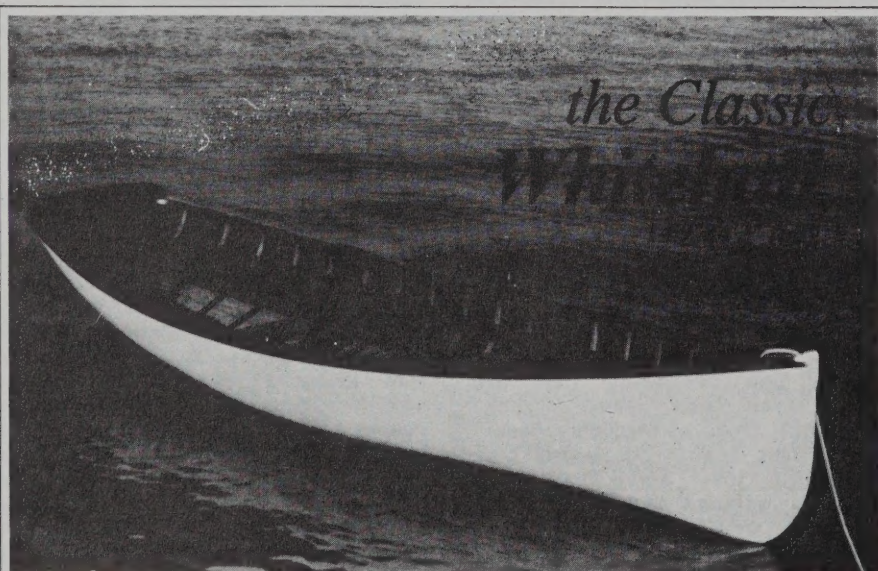
Report & Illustration
from Carl Erickson

AND HOW ABOUT THE TIME...

We mounted the 2hp motor on the rudder? John and I decided to take a late afternoon sail on Candlewood Lake in his 12' lateen rigged boat. It's a long lake, almost 12 miles, dotted with islands. We both knew the calming effect 6 p.m. has on local August winds, so John asked me to bring the motor, "just in case."

Sure enough, at 6 p.m. the wind bade farewell and we decided to motor for a while. An island dead ahead had a pretty cove and looked like a good swimming spot. We found the motor mounting clamp did not open wide enough to fit over the foam cored transom. No problem...the top of the rudder would serve as a motor mount. We put the tiller hard over, lifted the adjustable kick-up rudder and started the motor. We made about three circles until the finer points of this technique were mastered. Then it was clear motoring. It really worked. And we found that island cove an ideal place in which to swim.

John, refreshed, decided to row to the next island while I steered with the rudder. In this position, the motor was crossways but did not hamper steering. The lowering sun found us back to the motor for the trip back to the launching site. Once again, a new experience in "messaging about in boats"



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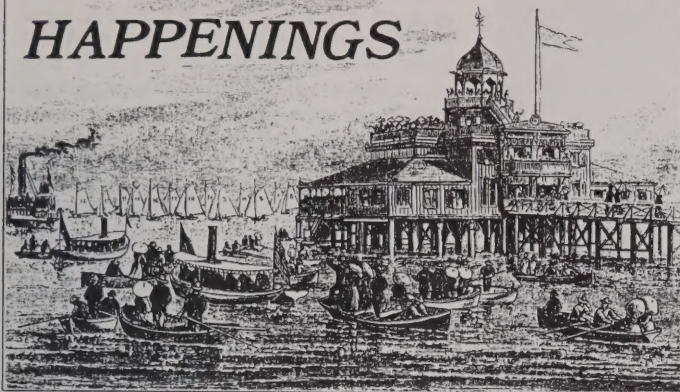
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HAPPENINGS



RICA NEWS

The Rhode Island Canoe Association is planning to form a sea kayaking group in response to growing interest in this activity. Bob Sand plans to bring together those who indicate to him their interest, call him at (401) 461-2757.

Canoe and kayak surfing will be held in Newport on New Year's Day. Wet or dry suits are absolutely necessary. The group will gather at Easton's Beach (First Beach) by 11:30 a.m. If nobody is there at that time, check out Second Beach a short way up the road, the surf might be better there. Follow up warmup will be a New Year's Day brunch at the Greenhouse Restaurant.

OPEN WATER ROWING NEWSLETTER

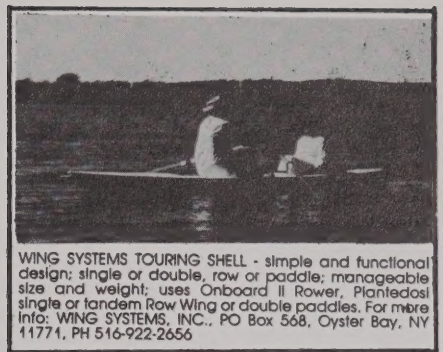
California rowing enthusiasts who participate in major ocean rowing events such as the Catalina Island Race now have a newsletter. It might be of interest to those on the east coast who share this enthusiasm for rowing at sea. Ask for a sample copy from Open Water Rowing, 85 Liberty Ship Way #102, Sausalito, CA 94945.

GIG OWNERS ALERT

The Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club has hopes for developing multi-oared gig rowing activity and events for the 1989 season, including racing participation in the traditional small craft weekend. Jon Persson would like to hear from

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anyone or group having multi-oared rowing craft of traditional type. He can be reached at Seth Persson Boatbuilders, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475.

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Paddling the Myakka, Chassahowitzka and Upper Parker

If Nessmuck, the 19th century sportswriter who commissioned Henry Rushton to build the "Wee Lassie" could see the back bay here in Sarasota on a Sunday afternoon, he'd turn over in his grave. He envisioned the small, light open canoe with double paddle as the "wave of the future". It didn't happen. Anyone taking a small open canoe out into the conglomeration of sailboards, jet skis, Scarabs, Donzis, water skiers and other noisemakers that plow the seas of Florida is not seriously interested in living to a ripe old age.

I don't know where the porpoises and manatees go to hide, but by nine in the morning I'm back in my shop at work. Only in the morning is it quiet on the bay, I like to watch the sun come up, watch the pelicans diving for breakfast, and slip through the water in my Wee Lassie often not disturbing the porpoises.

So what else is left to me at other times is the water nobody else wants. Swamps, shallow ponds and small streams, tidal lagoons comprise the world for my Wee Lassie. And it's no small world in terms of natural action either. Most of the bird life congregates over the shallows, herons don't stalk fish in deep water, and turtle grass provides the shelter in which their prey hides. The ospreys are so possessive of their lagoons they scream at me when I interrupt their fishing. And often I'll spot a coon scrambling around the mangrove roots.

When the Myakka River floods back into the woods of Myakka State Park, it's no place for a motorboat, but I can enter this world that hardly anyone has ever seen. A feeling of awe arises from the beauty of this place, enormous oak trees soaring up out of the dark chocolate water, their enormous limbs covered with air plants, tree ferns and tiny orchids, everything muted and still and mysterious as I glide between the trees, no rustle of undergrowth, no sound of our passing. Sometimes I'm rewarded with the sighting of an owl or a

deer down the long vistas between the trees. Unreal, and all the world of the Wee Lassie.

Another place that's not too well known lies between the two tourist developments at Weeki Wachee Springs and Homosassa Springs. The Chassahowitzka is a short spring fed clear water river feeding into a 30,000 acre wildlife reserve. Most of this is marsh grass and palmetto hummocks. Over 250 types of birds have been seen here, along with many water born creatures. The Chassahowitzka can be reached at the end of Rt. 98, it can't be missed, it is at the END. A campground and little store and boat livery are here. The water is crystal clear. A right turn takes you back through a tiny village towards the main springs, but a left turn towards the Gulf quickly leaves most civilization behind. There are houseboats and fishing shacks along the river but they blend pretty well into the scenery. Some side streams get very narrow before they end at their individual springs.

Downstream as the tidal area is reached the scenery opens up and the marsh grass and palmetto hummocks seem to spread all the way to the horizon. It is quite primeval and untouched, much like the Everglades. The boat traffic in the main river is mainly small fishing boats, but on weekdays it is easy to pretend the few that are around don't exist. The bird watching here is terrific and otters and coons are often seen.

Development is slowly closing in on even such inaccessible places. A friend owns an island in this marsh grass wilderness and he's subdividing it into 5 acre plots for natural, unspoiled campsites. Accessible only by small boat, these plots make great vacation sites for anyone appreciating the natural surroundings. Anyone interested can contact George Browning III, 46 N. Washington Blvd., Suite 27B, Sarasota, FL 34236.

Mac McCarthy, Feather Canoes, 3080 N. Washington Blvd., Sarasota, FL 34234.

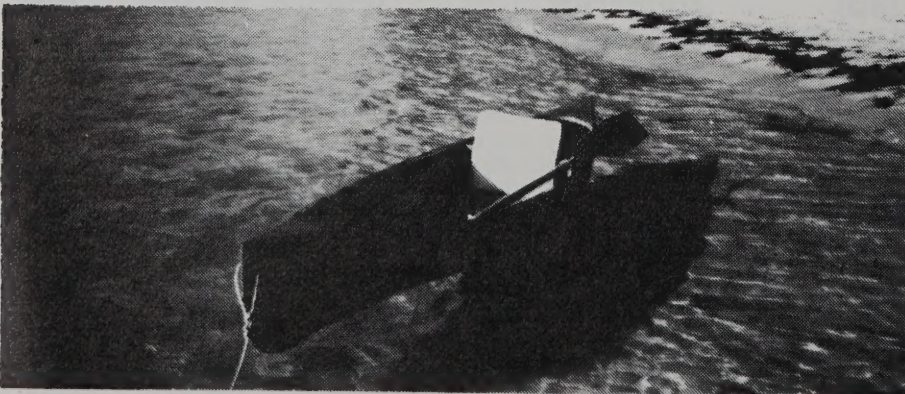
The Parker River on the Massachusetts north shore is really two rivers strung end to end. From the mouth on Plum Island Sound, the Parker meanders several miles inland through vast salt marshes, providing a quite unique paddling outing with wide open vistas to the horizon, rather than the close in heavily wooded bankings of most New England rivers. This stretch is strongly influenced by tides and has to be paddled with the tides either way.

Then at Orchard Street in Byfield, the ocean's influence comes to an end, as the Parker descends from upstream over a series of rapids under the bridge from the first of several dams upstream. Over the next mile or so, several dams turn the stream into a series of small ponds, and the river cannot be enjoyed easily due to the need to repeatedly portage around the dams, over private property where this is not welcomed.

Above the last dam where once the old Byfield Snuff Mill stood, the upper Parker commences, and access is easy off a local street with a 100 foot hike down an old railway bed now serving as a high tension powerline right of way. And from here on the river meanders into state fish and game lands. No more civilization for nearly three miles, just wooded bankings with occasional campsites, and lots of open fresh water marsh as the river nears Crane Pond in the heart of the reserve. No camps or homes on the shores of this pond, there is a jeep road access but lately it's been gated off. So here's this little bit of pretend wilderness in the midst of Essex County's one million inhabitants. An ideal spot for paddling our Cockleshells.

Even at summer's end after a long drought, the water level is adequate for our little craft as Jane and I embarked on our first exploration of this stream. The dam holds back the water at a pretty steady level and several streams feed into Crane Pond to provide sufficient volume. Most of the way the bottom can be seen only a couple of feet down, despite the coffee color from all the organic decay of the upstream marshes. And here and there the alder thickets require much maneuvering to get through, the main "channel" is evident as canoeists do use it, though not nearly in such numbers as on the more accessible and well publicized Ipswich River. There's very little current as the gradient from the pond to the dam is only a couple of feet. Ideal for two way river paddling.

We didn't make it all the way to Crane Pond, for well out in the

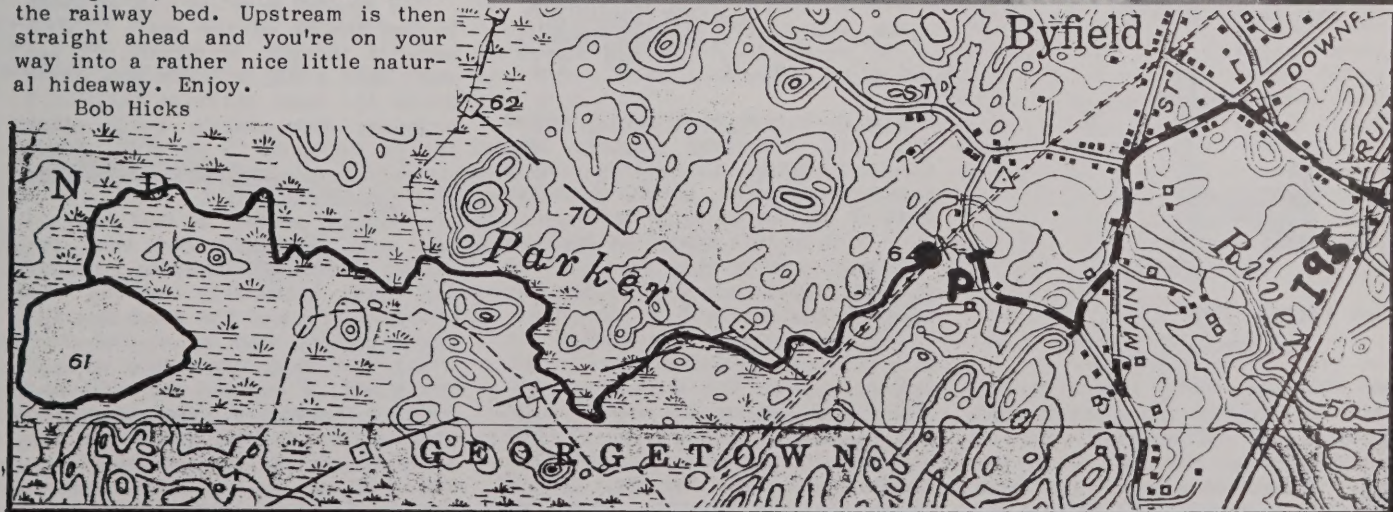
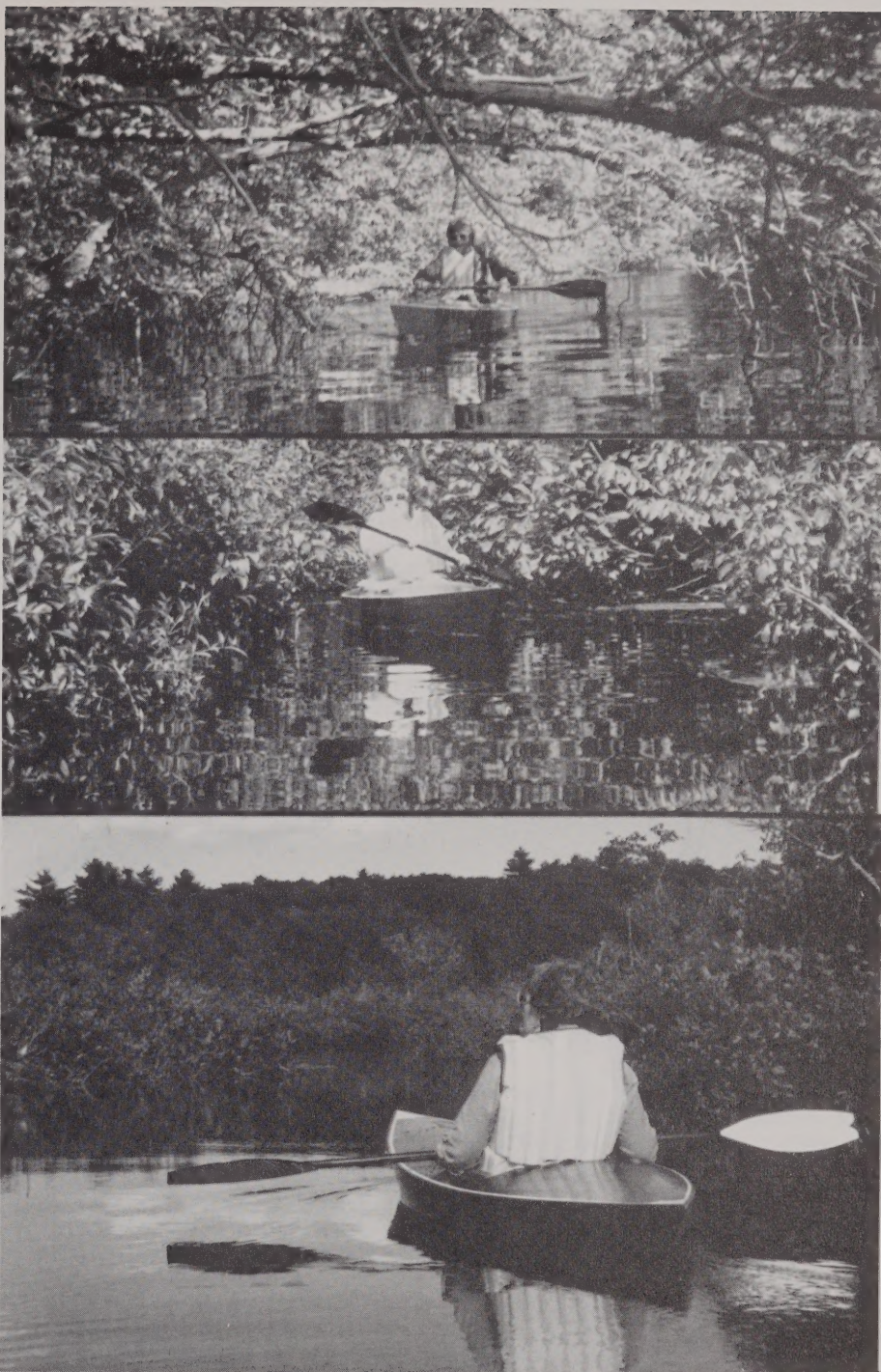


marshes approaching the pond we came to a small beaver dam, awash still but too much to paddle through. Getting out onto the dam and lifting the Cockleshells over would be simple enough if the footing were more solid, but we decided to turn back this day and not have to endure the possible wet feet or even bodies should the sticks of the dam fail to support our weight.

Not unlike my little outing last year with the Poke Boat on tiny Crooked Pond in the Boxford State Forest, this small outing soon gets beyond the noises of nearby humanity. Only a half mile from busy Interstate 95, somehow the intervening woods and low hills screen away that traffic noise, and no nearby streets exist to carry traffic. Only once was the quiet disturbed significantly when a helicopter from Beverly Airport came chopping over. But it was soon gone and the tranquility returned. It was a perfect setting for our Cockleshells and for Jane's initial solo experience paddling her own kayak. We'll go back in spring when the water level is high with the dam's washboards in, and then we can go on up the Parker beyond Crane Pond and also check out Beaver Brook and its surrounding marshes beneath Crane Neck Hill.

Access is from the Central St. exit off I95 in Byfield. Go west into the village past the church, take the first left a short way onto Main St. where you go left again a few hundred feet down over the bridge over the Parker River. Then a right, and right again on small local streets, the second one dirt, bring you to an open area by another dam and millpond on the left. Park by the pond in an obvious open parking area, but don't put in here, there are two low culverts upstream. Instead, hike a hundred feet further along the road to the old railway bed, duck through the yellow barway to the left intended to keep out motor vehicles, walk along the railway bed a hundred feet or so to an obvious put-in on the right by a little culvert under the railway bed. Upstream is then straight ahead and you're on your way into a rather nice little natural hideaway. Enjoy.

Bob Hicks



It was low tide when Mark and I arrived at the Dory Club. We paddled the "Damn Foole" from the float to the wharf, tied the bow and stern lines to pilings, the climbed the ladder to get the mast.



AT THE WHARF

Ben showed up and gave us a hand carrying the mast to the davit overhanging the boat. I lashed a clove hitch to the middle of the mast and passed the line over the wheel on the davit. Ben hoisted away while I joined Mark on the boat, and with a lot of muscling, we managed to get the base of the mast through the hole in the cabin top.



HOIST AWAY

I went below and with my back against the bulkhead and feet against the mast, forced the base into the step. Topside, the mast



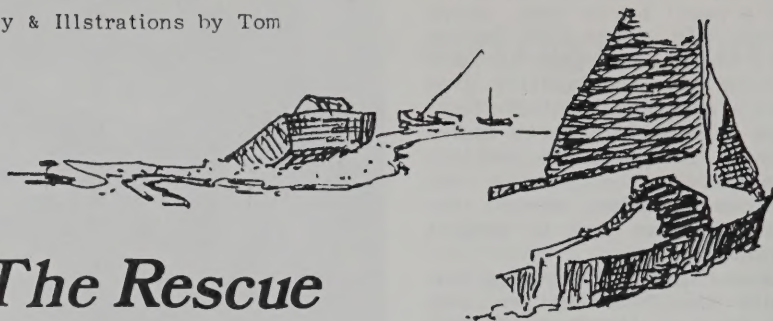
INTO THE STEP

was whipping like a wand in the wind. We secured the shrouds and tightened the turnbuckles, only to find that the shrouds were too long. I had shortened the mast about two inches when I spliced it.

10

Story & Illustrations by Tom

The Rescue



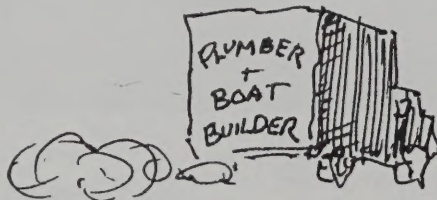
We lifted the mast after loosening the shrouds. I slid two pieces of wood onto the step and nailed them in place. That heightened the mast to its full 42 feet. Now the shrouds fit. We tightened them and tied them together to give them tension at the mooring.

The bottom spreader then came loose and hit me on the head. "I'm trying to put you together and you're falling apart." I picked up



ON THE HEAD

the spreader and saw that it was a piece of galvanized pipe with a threaded end that screwed into a fitting on the mast. This boat must have been built by a plumber. It



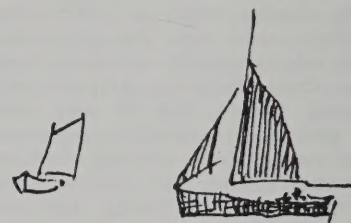
has a sink that is always plugged up, and oversized hopper, and threaded piping. Everything else is assorted mongrel parts. I asked Mark if he wanted to go sailing.

"Not in this boat," he replied.

"No, not in this boat, in the Townie. We'll sail out to the islands in the harbor."

"No thanks." He watched me from the dock as I rowed out to the Townie, raised the sails, and cast off. I had put up the small mainsail because it was breezy. It made the boat comfortable. Outside the moored boats I saw the sprit sail of Dave's Salmon Wherry. When we

drew close, I told him I was sailing out to the islands.



DAVE

"It's windy out there," he said.

"I'll head for Calf Island and be on a reach. I can spill the wind and not put too much strain on the boat. I have to get away from the 'Damn Foole'."

Dave sailed in and I continued out. I watched the lobster boats working and wondered if there wasn't anything in this world that wasn't being slaughtered and sold.



LOBSTERING

"Hey, cut that out," the boat interrupted. "There's not much hope for any of you so there's no sense in complaining. When you're sailing you're sailing away from that."

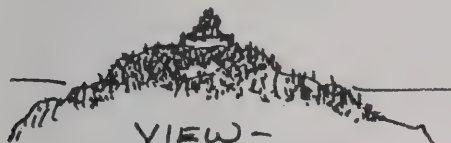
I spotted a gallon jug of water in the bottom of the boat. "That's odd," I thought to myself, "I always take a jug of water and never drink it. Good survival instinct I suppose, but there's many other things I'd need to survive. Food, matches, sleeping bag, flares, radio, flashlight, etc."

When I arrived at Calf Island I saw that the float had been removed. I couldn't land, so I headed for Great Brewster. The sky was overcast now and the wind was increasing. We tied up at the float which was on the northwest side of the wharf. I dropped the sails and secured the boat. I went ashore and climbed up to the cliffs on the northern side of the island. There was a bench so I sat and enjoyed the magnificent view for a good



GREATER BREWSTER

span of time. The Middle Brewsters, the Outer Brewsters, Green Island, the Roaring Bulls, Hypocrite Channel and Graves Light. And finally, Boston Light on Little Brewster.



VIEW -

Then I noticed the whitecaps on the water. The wind was increasing. I started back down. Winter was in the air. The nights would get colder. The sumac along the path had turned red. When I reached the float I found that the surge was slamming the boat up against the pilings. I pulled it forward and lashed it to the side of the dock. It was still getting damaged. I put fenders out. But, the tide was ebbing and the surge was getting stronger. The wind was 25 knots northwest.



SURGE

"I'll just wait a little longer, it'll ease up." I watched the sun set. It got dark and it got colder. I walked to the south end of the island. A spit of land exposed by the tide connected us to Little Brewster and Boston Light.



I wondered if I could walk across and make a call to the Club so that no one would send the Coast Guard for me. I didn't think that the spit connected completely to the lighthouse. Then again, I could be caught midway by the tide. The best reason I didn't try was that I didn't want to leave the boat. I had

the feeling that it would be a total wreck in the morning. If I could only get it out of there. It was in the worst possible location. I decided to return to the boat and try to do something.

I walked along the granite wall by the shore. It was now a cold, starless night. I turned the southern corner of the island and looked far ahead, hoping to see the boat. But, there was a post nearer to me directly in front of me. I had passed this way before and didn't remember a post being there. It moved.



POST

It was a man. How did he get here? Over the spit, probably. I should say something but I'll probably scare him. Best to just disappear through the brush. I started off to the right. The noise of the clamshells underfoot must have made him aware of me.

"Sam, is that you?" he yelled. "Sam!"

I should have said something but I slunk away embarrassed. I stumbled through the undergrowth and eventually found the boat. It was still being battered up against the dock.

"I could beach it," I thought. But I was afraid of drifting under the pier and dismasting. I heard the barking of a large dog on the hill by the cliff. "I'd better not walk that way again, dogs are unpredictable with strangers, especially at night."

I found a strong club with a forked end that I could use as a defence and stood by the stone wall at the base of the jetty. I was out of the wind. The stone was still warm from the earlier sun.

It was getting late. I should have spoken to the man and asked for matches. A fire would be nice now. It was getting colder. The radio had said it would be down to 40 by morning with frost inland. I had to move to stay warm. I walked to the east side of the island, I could see a light moving erratically across the spit. It must be the frightened man with his dog re-



STAYING WARM

turning to the lighthouse. I could follow him but I couldn't leave the boat. I climbed the hill to the cliff several times to stay warm. Then returned to the boat.

I had to get to George's Island. Ironically, I had to risk getting to a phone to let everybody know I was alright. The wind was still blowing furiously. I climbed aboard the bouncing boat and lowered the centerboard, set the rudder and tiller in place, and raised the sails. They chattered and complained as I pulled the boat forward and pushed off the bow. I cleated the jib and main sheets. The boat heeled and drove for the beach.



BEACH

How far to go? Far enough. I tacked in a panic and headed for the pier. Something was wrong. I should have cleared it. We tacked and headed for the beach again. Close this time. Then when we tacked, we cleared everything and headed for George's Island. "But, where was George's Island?" I had lost my bearings.

I looked out under the sail and saw a large boat stranded on the bar that extends out from Great Brewster. It was a winding, deceiving bar that trapped many boats. There were no lighted buoys ahead, just a dark continuous land mass. I looked under the boom again and there was another boat on the bar with waves breaking over it. I headed away from it, sheeting in and taking water over the bow. The buoy at the end of the bar was not lit but I could make out its shape.

"Stay away from it. Far away," the boat admonished.

We took water aboard until we cleared it and were in Blackrock Channel. A pint of rum sloshed around in the bottom of the boat. I salvaged it and took a hearty belt. Everything ahead looked flat and close, until the narrows opened up

separating George's Island from the other islands. I had no lights. There were no other boats about. We cleared the rocks on the northern side and tacked into the lee of the island, then jibed into the docking area. The boat gently nosed up to the float, relieved.



NOSED UP

I tied up with double lines, dropped the sails, raised the board, and took out the tiller and rudder. I lashed the sails and stepped ashore. The boat was a mess. The bow shattered. It was a wonder the forestay held. The rub-rails were splintered, the splash rails carried away. The glass on the starboard side had pulled away from the decking.

"I feel like hell," the boat said.

"So do I," I replied, taking another belt of rum. "It's alright," I tried to console the boat, "you're repairable."

"Go make your call and tell them we almost didn't get here to make your silly call."



I made for the main building. It was all lit up but the front doors were locked. I knocked politely. No answer. I pounded on the door. No answer. I walked around the building and rapped on every window. I found a side door that was unlocked. It was good to step into a heated room, made me realize how cold it was. I went from room to room hallooing. No response. Went upstairs and opened doors hallooing. In the corner of one room a bunch of clothes halloed back at me. I quickly explained my predicament.

"I'll be down in a minute," the bundle groaned.

Downstairs a blurry-eyed bearded man shook my hand and said, "You're real. I thought someone had left the TV on and I was hearing one of those silly adventure programs."



"I can understand that. My son tells me I talk like a book. Can I make a call to the mainland and let them know I'm alright?"

"Certainly."

On the phone I was told that the Coast Guard was out searching for me.

"I was afraid of that. Who called them?"

"Dave."

"Well, you can call them off, I'm on George's Island and will spend the night here."

"Alright."

I was shown a cot and handed a blanket. "The lights have to stay on because of the generator," I was told. "That's why the place is always lit up. See you in the morning."



COT

I must have smelt like a brewery from sucking on that rum bottle sailing over here. The cot was in the medical emergency room with all the equipment to sustain life. The lights were bright and glaring.

I slept fitfully with my hat over my eyes. I awoke to the screams of gulls at sunrise and thought I had just been pushed into the morgue from the operating room. I got up and left a note. "Thanks for the cot, help, etc." Left it on the blanket with five dollars.

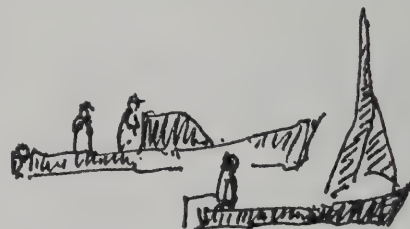
Outside the wind was still blowing the treetops around. I set sail and rowed out the entrance to the Narrows and sailed back to Blackrock Channel. Nahant was dead to windward. Cold and wet, I would have to tack all the way back. We headed first for Graves Light until the tide and waves forced us to tack over towards Deer Island. We passed the Great Fawn Spindle and headed for the striped standpipe on Winthrop Head. It was cold, and I wrapped myself up in the spare mainsail.

Before I could ground out on the shoals that extend out from the beach, the race patrol boat ap-



SAIL WRAPED

peared. I was told to luff up and throw them a tow line. I could have sailed back but there was no protest from me. The wind had just shifted to the east and Nahant was directly to windward again. I gratefully tossed the line and sat in the stern and steered.



TOW

"How many times have I towed you in?" Wilson asked.

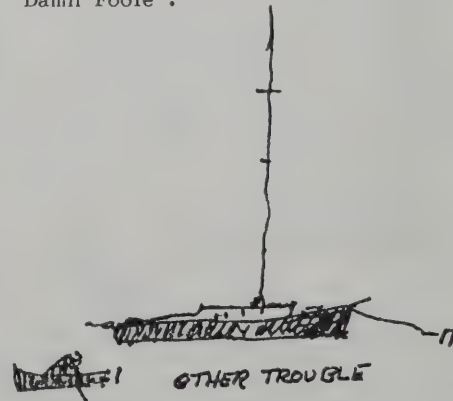
"I don't want to remember," I answered with chattering teeth.

"What happened to your boat?" Wilson continued, staring at the bow.

I gave no answer. It must look a mess.

"You'll have to pull your boat out now," Wilson said, relieved.

I left everything on board and rowed ashore passing the "Damn Foole". The mast was still up. I didn't expect it to be. "Are you ready for trouble?" I called to the boat. I could pull the Townie out now and then see what kind of trouble I could get into with the "Damn Foole".



OTHER TROUBLE

Coming Next: "It's Not Over Until the Fat Lady Sings!"

Gotta Have a Jib

After being a Sunfish sailor for many years, it finally got to me. I needed a jib. Lateen rigs are real nice and I truly do like my faithful Sunfish, but it hasn't got a jib.

A guy had a sloop rig for a Sunfish, like many people with more sophisticated tastes in sailing have, wanted hundreds of dollars for it. Well, I didn't want it anyway because it was the wrong color.

Then a friend gave me a small jib sail from an ABS plastic covered styrofoam sailboat that broke. It failed some seven stress tests that we put it through while we were trying to sail through some rocks. It's amazing how far back the centerboard moves when the board stops and the boat doesn't.

So now I had a jib and it was bowsprit time. I always wanted a boat with a bowsprit. A piece of wood fastened to the bow handle worked okay. Then I made an extension for the mast from a piece of one of the aluminum spars off the candy covered boat. That ABS plastic covered craft looked like it was covered with the stuff soft ice cream cones are dipped in. Fastened it to the mast with a couple of hose clamps. With a screw eye and small block at the top it held up the halyard just fine. I even put a rubber crutch tip on it to finish it off nicely.

The cleats for the jib sheets didn't quite live up to the standards of the rest of the rig. They were small C-clamps on the deck edge, to which the sheets were tied, a neat trick to carry out one-handed. A hi-tech aspect of these was the ease with which the cleats could be adjusted fore and aft to suit sail trim requirements.

The balance of the pressures this altered rig would apply to the jib, main, rudder and centerboard finally occurred to me. After some consideration I decided that the empirical approach was best, ie. guess. I shifted the lateen boom aft about 10 inches and retied the hal-

yard lower on the upper spar.

I then rigged it out on the trailer in the yard and admired my marvel of improvisation. This was a mistake. It looked wierd. The boom was higher at the stern by a foot and a half and the jib was higher than the main. Sort of a 1-1/2 rig. Yet, I envisioned it sailing like a champ, blowing the cleats off an ordinary Sunfish.

It was off to the lake on a weekday afternoon when there'd be fewer folks to agitate. Launched her and raised both sails. Bunched the jib and tied it with the sheets (furling is too elegant a word for what I did). A nice stiff breeze was blowing straight out from shore. The boat went off like normal running. When I decided to turn to a reach and sheeted in the main I discovered a rather strong weather helm. The rudder isn't any too large anyway and shifting the mainsail back had made it pretty awful.

I finally got the jib up and sheeted in. Try trimming the jib to make a nice "slot" when the main is a lateen sail. Strange indeed. The boat seemed to be moving quite fast and I was having a great time admiring my creation when it occurred to me that it was time to tack. It wouldn't. The jib wouldn't blow through past the forward portion of the main because of the lateen rig, and it didn't seem to want to come around anyway. Finally I got it to a starboard tack, which I figured would really move, because it has the best sail shape for the 'main. Trimmed in a real nice "slot" (maybe more of a "gap").

Pretty soon a kid on an ordinary Sunfish sailed by me to see what was happening and I suddenly lost interest. He must have been motoring or had a professional crew. Besides, I didn't know we were racing anyway, had my hands full of uncleated sheets.

I gotta get a boat with a jib!
Jack Hurt, Dalton, MA



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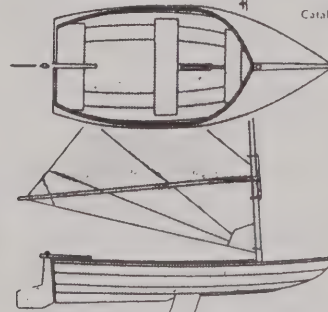
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When is a Canoe. . . ?

When is a canoe? Forget it, the situation is hopeless! The terms "canoe" and "kayak" have become totally muddled. Most of us think of a canoe as an open boat and a kayak as a boat with decks and a cockpit. But the canoe that made T. Henry Rushton famous was a cedar strip craft, decked over with a cockpit and propelled with a double bladed paddle. So it was a kayak, right? Wrong, because it came with a sailing rig and kayaks don't sail, right? Wrong, Kleppers do. So there you have it.

For me the distinction is easy. A canoe is made of wood and canvas and a kayak is made of wood and walrus hide. Anything made after WWII is so much modern nonsense!

Stuart Cattell, Homer, NY

When is a Canoe. . . ?



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There's delightfully more to Verlen Kruger's "canoe" than just that single paddle. It's beamier than a kayak, more stable. You don't "wear it", but have a larger cockpit for easy reaching, grabbing and stowing. Also, where a kayak's seat is fairly rigid and low, conducive to wet bottoms, Verlen's seat notches upward so that, sea conditions allowing, you get to move your entire body, no stiff backs. Then you're gratefully able to bend your knees, having switched from double to single paddling position.

It's a solo boat but with serious tripping features; light weight, large carrying capacity, flip-over seat which becomes a comfortable yoke for portaging. There's length enough to let you keep up with your tandem canoe buddies. In addition, this "canoe" also has many of the features you'd want in a kayak. You wouldn't Eskimo roll this boat, but then, some would consider this a relief.

My wife and I have really enjoyed our Kruger boats (Monarchs), from coastal to Canadian wilderness use, but also as a day off light to the touch "Ferrari" on the water, and as a stealthy gliding fishing platform, guided by light touches of rudder.

A few winters ago I enjoyed a pilgrimage afternoon at Ted Moore's mountain workshop on the edge of Algonquin Park, and later in summer came away with this absolutely flawless "Butternut" built by Ted from a Pete Culler design.

That's when the question of "what is a canoe...?" first bugged me, egged on by neighbors in traditional canoe country. I really confused them that summer by do-

ing my canoe tripping with a double paddle in the stern.

Now, to further confuse, I call on my muse and worse, it's all here in verse. I know I should have quit this while I was ahead, but I could not just let this stuff sit buried in an album here, ignoring the cry of your question.

WONDROUS WHATCHAMACALLIT
(A Boat by Any Other Name...)

This craft is like a BOAT,
Born of the sea, designed by a salt,
Formed of wood, its bow flares wide,
Rising easily over large rolling waves.

Yeah, but it's also like a CANOE
You should call it a "Boanoe".

It IS like a canoe, portageable,
Thirteen feet long, thirty pounds light,
Built in the heartland by
A most artful creator of canoes.
Its stern as sharp as the bow of a boat.

O.K., so let's say you've got a
"Canoat".

Except that it's also like a KAYAK
Requiring your bottom as ballast,
And a double paddle for power, plus
Gyroscopically, and as an aerialist's pole.

Deck and skirt it goes without.
On an Eskimo roll you'll fall right out.

She'll carry a small pack,
Can float and get you back.

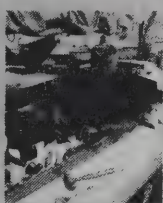
Oh, so it's a "Canoatyak"?

Herb Klingler, S. Salem, NY

WINTER READING

Upgrading Your Small Sailboat for Cruising

Paul and Marya Butler



Dozens of do-it-yourself projects
to make your boat more comfortable,
efficient, and seaworthy

Review by Bob Hicks

"UPGRADING YOUR SMALL SAILBOAT FOR CRUISING" By Paul & Marya Butler

This is a book we looked forward to reviewing with greater than usual interest, for a project we are working on this winter is completing restoration and fitting out of our Townie sloop for local cruising. And we've seen the Butler's articles in "Small Boat Journal" and found them to be very useful guides to how to do things. In particular, Marya's illustrations are just superb, she draws in a graphic manner that really shows you how something goes together, not just in a dimensionally correct standard sort of "blueprint" drawing. Her use of shading, three-dimensional appearing arrows, and orthographic projection (three dimensional views on flat paper) renders Paul's verbal comments totally able to be visualized.

The new book contains 224 pages of information with 150 illustrations. The main thrust is on customizing small fiberglass sailboats, but all of the information unrelated to dealing with fiberglass hulls is relevant to wooden boats also.

Part 1 is for the true beginner, basic stuff about tools and materials. Part 2 gets into re-inforcing fiberglass hulls, which tends to suggest that those little production cruisers may be just a bit skimpy in construction. Around page 80, Part 3 gets into a subject applicable to any small sailboat, flotation. They then go on through portlights, hatches and lockers; interior storage and creature comforts; canvaswork; and off-season storage.

The subject that I found most useful for my project was their discussion of "modular cabinetry", wherein they show how to build storage components for the boat that fit into the chosen locations in the hull, but are self-contained units that can be constructed entirely outside of the boat, then installed, or later removed, as units.

Excerpt from *Upgrading Your Small Sailboat for Cruising* by Paul and Marya Butler

Modular cabinetry and furniture are structures that can be built, installed, and if necessary, removed as a unit. Modular cabinetry is ideally suited for small boats, especially when modifying the interior layouts to suit changing needs. A modular system is applicable to any type of hull construction: glass, metal, cold-molded, and plank-on-frame. Furthermore, a boat with a planned modular interior can be more easily emptied and made accessible for maintenance or repair, especially emergency repairs that have to be done in a hurry.

While modular compartments can be permanently secured to fiberglass and cold-molded hulls with epoxy fillets, bolts or screws allow each component to be easily removed. We once designed and equipped an 18-foot rowing dory with a completely modular interior. Furniture, thwarts, and sealed storage/flotation

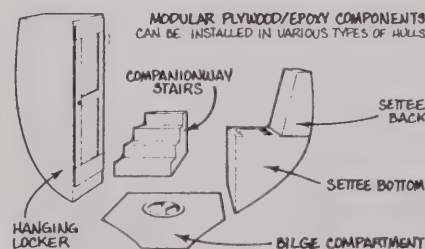
Using plywood and epoxy, certain units, such as settees or even cockpit seat lockers, can be made watertight to double as flotation AND storage, with a third utility as places to sit or lie down upon. How to measure things up so that the "modular" unit fits after you build it is part of the usefulness of this book.

"Upgrading Your Small Sailboat for Cruising" is \$19.95 from International Marine, Rt. 1, P.O. Box 220, Camden, ME 04843, you can order it on a credit card toll free by calling 1-800-288-4837.

Coming up in January and February when they are released are reviews of two more IMP books I think will be of particular interest: "Canoes & Kayaks for the Backyard Builder" by Skip Snaith; and "The Practical Pilot" by Leonard Eyges.

compartments were bolted to permanent plywood gussets. The gussets were epoxy glued to the hull sides and reinforced with large epoxy fillets. In addition to holding everything in place, the gussets furnished superb localized reinforcement to specific areas of the hull.

Any piece that can be built and prefinished "on the bench" will usually be much better built and more easily completed than if constructed "on location," amid the tangle of tools and materials inside the confines of a small, cramped hull. And if the finished component cannot fit through the hatch and into position in the hull, the module can be designed to come apart and reassembled inside the hull.



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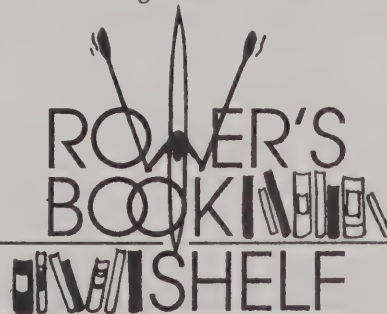
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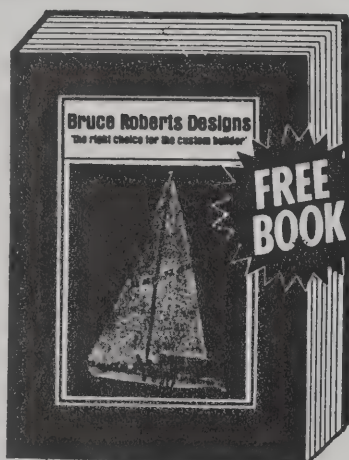
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Encounter on the ICW

The weather has been very bad for cruising; strong, nasty winds mainly from the wrong direction so that we've had to sail very aggressively just to fall behind our schedule. We don't want to spend the winter in New Jersey. In Long Island Sound on one day, with temperature around 50 degrees, we beat 60 miles to make 40 in 20-25 knot winds with spray halfway to the spreaders and solid water over the bow. That was too much. And then, while we were anchored at City Island, a bad easterly gale put several moored boats up on the beach. I could crab some more, but cruising south in "Moonshadow" does beat working.

We had bounced and thrashed our way to Atlantic Highlands near Sandy Hook, New Jersey, where we were waiting for suitable wind for getting further down the coast. Our new wind generator was the only one aboard that has been having a good time this fall. While peering out the port at the cold world outside, I saw coming into the harbor a 16' sailing dinghy with only a reefed main up. It's occupant was dressed in bright red foul weather gear, complementing the British Red Ensign flying from the stern. The boat I knew must be a Wayfarer and its occupant could only be Frank Dye.

We'd seen "Wanderer" last spring in St. Augustine but had not introduced ourselves. Since I had a copy of his book about cruising in his Wayfarer on the North Sea and around Scotland, I thought getting him to autograph it would be a good way to meet this famous Brit.

I hopped into our dinghy and rowed over. "You must be Frank Dye," I said as I pulled alongside.

"Do I owe you money?" he asked.

"No, but maybe you would autograph this book," I replied, offering him the copy of "Open Boat Cruising".

He was a bit surprised. "You don't mean to tell me that you carry one of my books around with you?" He did sign it, and after introductions, asked me if I'd join him ashore.

Frank's a man of average stature with a large quantity of white hair and a big bushy white beard. With that and his rather large thick glasses (he's nearsighted) it's a bit difficult to determine if there's someone "in there", but you sense immediately that he is a cheerful individual able to take adversity with a shrug.

We walked around town together chatting as we went.

"There are things in the U.S. I scarcely believe," he told me. "A fellow I met offered me a shower in a health club and I graciously accepted. Afterwards he showed me this thing called a "jacuzzi" and told me to try it. Well, I didn't know a thing about this device and declined, but he insisted, so I finally gave in. There was somebody already in it, and thinking he might not appreciate bathing with company, I waited for him to leave before entering. After sitting in the thing for a while, I noticed I was uneasy and it wasn't long before I figured out why. These jacuzzis bubble and froth and I was peering through the mist that hung over it's surface when I thought, this is just like a 'strom, you know, the whirlpools off the coast of Norway. 'Maelstrom' is the famous one. They can suck a small boat down.

One of the legends on that coast is about a fisherman sucked down in one who amazingly popped up later. He would say nothing of the experience except, 'You should have seen the cod down there!'. So, sitting in this bath with the steam rising about me, I was reminded of those treacherous eddies.

Then, to my complete astonishment, a young lady climbed in with me. I expressed my dismay and told her, 'We haven't even been introduced, and you're sitting in the bath with me!' With that she offered me her hand and told me her name. Very strange things happen here in the U.S.!"

Like many sailors I run into, Frank expressed an interest in motorcycles just as I have. "Sailing a small boat is a lot like riding a motorbike," he said. "It's very close to the elements and it seems like when you add a windscreen or a roof you've pretty much lost the whole point."

After our errands ashore were completed, I was invited aboard Frank's Wayfarer. It was one of the new fiberglass versions and struck me as a very nice craft. I have some experience in racing dinghies, 420's, 505's and Larks, and even a bit of dinghy cruising, and the first thing that struck me as I climbed over the foredeck was the stability. As Frank showed me about, the next thing that struck me was the rugged high quality construction. The deck was foam cored with additional stringers. Forward there were two watertight compartments for gear with sturdy dogged hatches. The stern deck also had a watertight locking compartment. Port and starboard were galvanized oarlocks, one sits comfortably athwart the centerboard

trunk to row. On the foredeck, just forward of the shrouds, were two large handles for hauling the boat ashore. The cockpit was fitted with a deck to avoid anyone having to sleep in a wet bilge. And this was largely a stock boat, not custom fitted out.

Frank was proud of his arrangement for supplies and gear. He told me he normally carried stores for ten days. After all his cruising, he'd obviously fine tuned everything from the size of the teapot to his favorite nut mix. There was a place for everything and everything was in its place. Cooking gear was housed in Tupperware and hung with shock cord under the foredeck, as was a Coleman lantern, and below was a small cooler.

"That cooler was given to me by a chap on the Potomac River where Margaret and I sailed this summer in 90 degree heat. He made me take it, really. We British find your preoccupation with ice rather amusing. We just have no need for it. When someone here offers me a beer, I have to sit around and let it warm up! But, after this summer, I confess I'm rather addicted to the cooler."

Frank was not so enthused about his foul weather gear or boom tent.

"It's this new breathable material and the pants are fine until you sit down and this forces the water right through. The boom tent is okay except where it passes over the boom. Here the water just wicks right through. If I expect rain I have to rig plastic. There's nothing like the old canvas, I'll go back to that."

We invited Frank over for supper that evening and he told us a little about his adventures.

"I really don't cruise the North Sea anymore," he explained, "that was just practice for the sailing I really wanted to do around the Orkney and Shetland Islands." (Frank also sailed a Wayfarer from the Shetlands to Iceland with one crewman aboard. ED).

"That must be pretty mean water if you practice in the North Sea," I commented.

"I should say it is. The whole North Sea tries to get out between these islands and six hours later, the whole North Atlantic tries to get back in. The Pentland Firth is one such channel. Our Admiralty Pilots are in general kind of dry but technically wonderful volumes. Yet in describing the sea conditions in one part of the region of these islands, they turned a nice phrase. They say, 'We will not attempt to describe the severity of the seas, for those who have not seen them no description could be enough, and those who have would want no more.' They tell that one channel breaks completely across in heavy weather and that this makes

the seas inside quite smooth. Then they add that you have to be able to do 14 knots to keep ahead of them! We were approaching one of the islands in "Wanderer" when a breeze came up, really no more than force 5, but the seas were appalling. So we lay to a sea anchor for a day and a half and watched the island do six knots past us one way for six hours, and then do six knots back the other way for the next six hours."

The evening slipped by quickly as we talked of his times on our coast and his future plans. He is taking his Wayfarer to Shark River, New Jersey, where he will leave it for the winter with a friend. He will return to England, but come back in the spring to continue his cruise up the east coast, this time on to New England. We asked if Margaret would be joining him then but he said only that he doubted she would be sailing "tidal waters" with him again.

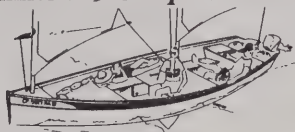
As I rowed him back to his boat, I said, "You've a lovely boat and it's very distinctive with that Red Ensign, but why isn't her name painted on the stern?"

"Well, she's kind of a new boat and I guess she has to earn her name." He mused momentarily and then went on, "Of course, they're all just named 'Wanderer', you know."

Report from Ed Seling

ED. NOTE: Ed Seling and Carolyn Pearson live aboard a 32' sloop and cruise between Maine and Florida seasonally while Carolyn runs her computer based business on board and Ed finds things to do around the boat.

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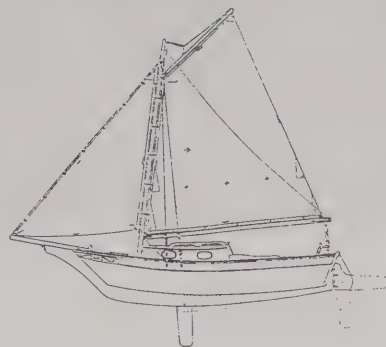
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VOYAGE OF THE PAPER CANOE:

A GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNEY OF 2500 MILES, FROM
QUEBEC TO THE GULF OF MEXICO,

DURING THE YEARS 1874-5.

BY
NATHANIEL H. BISHOP,

CHAPTER VI.

TROY TO PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued from Last Issue)

PASSAGE OF THE KILLS. — RARITAN RIVER. — THE
CANAL ROUTE FROM NEW BRUNSWICK TO THE DELAWARE
RIVER. — FROM BORDENTOWN TO PHILADELPHIA.

A much more pleasant reception awaited me down on Staten Island, a gentleman having notified me by mail that he would welcome the canoe and its owner. The ebb had ceased, and the incoming tide was being already felt close in shore; so with tide and wind against me, and the darkness of night settling down gloomily upon the wide bay, I pulled a strong oar for five miles to the entrance of Kill Van Kull Strait, which separates Staten Island from New Jersey and connects the upper bay with Raritan Bay.

The bright beams from the light-house on Robbin's Reef, which is one mile and a quarter off the entrance of the strait, guided me on my course. The head-sea, in little, splashy waves, began to fill my canoe. The water soon reached the foot-rest; but there was no time to stop to bale out the boat, for a friendly current was near, and if once reached, my little craft would enter smoother waters. The flood which poured into the mouth of Kill Van Kull soon caught my boat, and the head-tide was changed to a favorable current which carried me in its strong arms far into the salt-water strait, and I reached West New Brighton, along the high banks of which I found my haven of rest. Against the sky I traced the outlines of my land-mark, three poplars, standing sentinel-like before the house of

the gentleman who had so kindly offered me his hospitality. The canoe was emptied of its shifting liquid ballast and carefully sponged dry. My host and his son carried it into the main hall of the mansion and placed it upon the floor, where the entire household gathered, an admiring group. Proud, indeed, might my dainty craft have been of the appreciation of so lovely a company. Her master fully appreciated the generous board of his kind host, and in present comfort soon forgot past trials and his wet pull across the upper bay of New York harbor.

My work for the next day, October 27th, was the navigation of the interesting strait of the old Dutch settlers and the Raritan River, of New Jersey, as far as New Brunswick. The average width of Kill Van Kull is three-eighths of a mile. From its entrance, at Constable's Point, to the mouth of Newark Bay, which enters it on the Jersey side, it is three miles, and nearly two miles across the bay to Elizabethport. Bergen Point is on the east and Elizabethport on the west entrance of the bay, while on Staten Island, New Brighton, Factoryville, and North Shore, furnish homes for many New York business men.

At Elizabethport the strait narrows to one eighth of a mile, and as the mouth of the Rahway is approached it widens. It now runs through marshes for most of the way, a distance of twelve miles to Raritan Bay, which is an arm of the lower bay of New York harbor. The strait, from Elizabethport to its mouth, is called Arthur Kill; the whole distance through the Kills, from Constable's Point to Raritan Bay, is about seventeen statute miles. At the mouth of Arthur Kill the Raritan River opens to the bay, and the city of Perth Amboy rests on the point of high land between the river and the strait.

Roseville and Tottenville are on the Staten Island shores of Arthur Kill, the former six miles, the latter ten miles from Elizabethport. The tide runs swiftly through the Kills. Leaving Mr. Campbell's residence at nine A. M., with a tide in my favor as far as Newark Bay, I soon had the tide against me from the other Kill until I passed the Rahway River, when it commenced to ebb towards Raritan Bay. The marshy shores of the Kills were submerged in places by the high tide, but their monotony was relieved by the farms upon the hills back of the flats.

At one o'clock my canoe rounded the heights

upon which Perth Amboy is perched, with its snug cottages, the homes of many oystermen whose fleet of boats was anchored in front of the town. Curious yard-like pens constructed of poles rose out of the water, in which boats could find shelter from the rough sea.

The entrance to the Raritan River is wide, and above its mouth it is crossed by a long railroad bridge. The pull up the crooked river (sixteen miles) against a strong ebb-tide, through extensive reedy marshes, was uninteresting. I came upon the entrance of the canal which connects the rivers Raritan and Delaware after six o'clock P. M., which at this season of the year was after dark. Hiding the canoe in a secure place I went to visit an old friend, Professor George Cook, of the New Jersey State Geological Survey, who resides at New Brunswick. In the morning the professor kindly assisted me, and we climbed the high bank of the canal with the canoe upon our shoulders, putting it into the water below the first two locks. I now commenced an unexciting row of forty-two miles to Bordentown, on the Delaware, where this artificial watercourse ends.

This canal is much travelled by steam tugs towing schooners of two hundred tons, and by barges and canal-boats of all sizes drawing not above seven feet and a half of water. The boats are drawn through the locks by stationary steam-engines, the use of which is discontinued when the business becomes slack; then the boatmen use their mules for the same purpose. To tow an average-sized canal-boat, loaded, requires four mules, while an empty one is easily drawn by two. It proved most expeditious as well as convenient not to trouble the lock-master to open the gates, but to secure his assistance in carrying the canoe along the tow-path to the end of the lock, which service occupied less than five minutes. In this way the canoe was carried around seven locks the first day, and when dusk approached she was sheltered beside a paper shell in the boat-house of Princeton College Club, which is located on the banks of the canal about one mile and a half from the city of Princeton.

In this narrow watercourse these indefatigable collegians, under great disadvantages, drill their crews for the annual intercollegiate struggle for championship. One Noah Reed provided entertainment for man and beast at his country

inn half a mile from the boat-house, and thither I repaired for the night.

This day's row of twenty-six miles and a half had been through a hilly country, abounding in rich farm lands which were well cultivated. The next morning an officer of the Princeton Bank awaited my coming on the banks of the sluggish canal. He had taken an early walk from the town to see the canoe. At Baker's Basin the bridge-tender, a one-legged man, pressed me to tarry till he could summon the Methodist minister, who had charged him to notify him of the approach of a paper canoe.

Through all my boat journeys I have remarked that professional men take more interest in canoe journeys than professional oarsmen; and nearly all the canoeists of my acquaintance are ministers of the gospel. It is an innocent way of obtaining relaxation; and opportunities thus offered the weary clergyman of studying nature in her ever-changing but always restful moods, must indeed be grateful after being for months in daily contact with the world, the flesh, and the devil. The tendency of the present age to liberal ideas permits clergymen in large towns and cities to drive fast horses, and spend an hour of each day at a harmless game of billiards, without giving rise to remarks from *his own* congregation, but let the overworked rector of a *country* village seek in his friendly canoe that relief which nature offers to the tired brain, let him go into the wilderness and live close to his Creator by studying his works, and a whole community vex him on his return with "the appearance of the thing." These self-constituted critics, who are generally ignorant of the laws which God has made to secure health and give contentment to his creatures, would poison the sick man's body with drugs and nostrums when he might have the delightful and generally successful services of Dr. Camp Cure without the after dose of a bill. These hard-worked and miserably paid country clergymen, who are rarely, nowadays, treated as the head of the congregation or the shepherd of the flock they are supposed to lead, but rather as victims of the whims of influential members of the church, tell me that to own a canoe is indeed a cross, and that if they spend a vacation in the grand old forests of the Adirondacks, the brethren are sorely exercised over the time wasted in such unusual and unministerial conduct.

Everywhere along the route the peculiar character of the paper canoe attracted many remarks from the bystanders. The first impression given was that I had engaged in this rowing enterprise under the stimulus of a bet; and when the curious were informed that it was a voyage of study, the next question was, "How much are you going to make out of it?" Upon learning that there was neither a bet nor money in it, a shade of disappointment and incredulity rested upon the features of the bystanders, and the canoeist was often rated as a "blockhead" for risking his life without being paid for it.

At Trenton the canal passes through the city, and here it was necessary to carry the boat around two locks. At noon the canoe ended her voyage of forty-two miles by reaching the last lock, on the Delaware River, at Bordentown, New Jersey, where friendly arms received the Maria Theresa and placed her on the trestles which had supported her sister craft, the Mayeta, in the shop of the builder, Mr. J. S. Lamson, situated under the high cliffs along the crests of which an ex-king of Spain, in times gone by, was wont to walk and sadly ponder on his exile from *la belle France*.

The Rev. John H. Brakeley, proprietor as well as principal of the Bordentown Female Seminary, took me to his ancient mansion, where Thomas Paine, of old Revolutionary war times, had lodged. Not the least attraction in the home of my friend was the group of fifty young ladies, who were kind enough to gather upon a high bluff when I left the town, and wave a graceful farewell to the paper canoe as she entered the tidal current of the river Delaware *en route* for the Quaker city.

During my short stay in Bordentown Mr. Isaac Gabel kindly acted as my guide, and we explored the Bonaparte Park, which is on the outskirts of the town. The grounds are beautifully laid out. Some of the old houses of the ex-king's friends and attendants still remain in a fair state of preservation. The elegant residence of Joseph Bonaparte, or the Count de Surveilliers, which was always open to American visitors of all classes, was torn down by Mr. Henry Beckett, an Englishman in the diplomatic service of the British government, who purchased this property some years after the Count returned to Europe, and erected a more elaborate man-

sion near the old site. The old citizens of Bordentown hold in grateful remembrance the favors showered upon them by Joseph Bonaparte and his family, who seem to have lived a democratic life in the grand old park. The Count returned to France in 1838, and never visited the United States again. New Jersey had welcomed the exiled monarch, and had given him certain legal privileges in property rights which New York had refused him; so he settled upon the lovely shores of the fair Delaware, and lavished his wealth upon the people of the state which had so kindly received him. The citizens of neighboring states becoming somewhat jealous of the good luck that had befallen New Jersey in her capture of the Spanish king, applied to the state the cognomen of "New Spain," and called the inhabitants thereof "Spaniards."

The Delaware River, the Makeriskiton of the savage, upon whose noble waters my paper canoe was now to carry me southward, has its sources in the western declivity of the Catskill Mountains, in the state of New York. It is fed by two tributary streams, the Oquago (or Coquago) and the Popacton, which unite their waters at the boundary line of Pennsylvania, at the northeast end of the state, from which it flows southward seventy miles, separating the Empire and Keystone states. When near Port Jervis, which town is connected with Rondout, on the Hudson River, by the Hudson and Delaware Canal, the Delaware turns sharply to the southwest, and becomes the boundary line between the states of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Below Easton the river again takes a southeasterly course, and flowing past Trenton, Bristol, Bordentown, Burlington, Philadelphia, Camden, Newcastle, and Delaware City, empties its waters into Delaware Bay about forty miles below Philadelphia.

This river has about the same length as the Hudson — three hundred miles. The tide reaches one hundred and thirty-two miles from the sea at Cape May and Cape Henlopen. Philadelphia is the head of navigation for vessels of the heaviest tonnage; Trenton for light-draught steamboats. At Bordentown the river is less than half a mile wide; at Philadelphia it is three-fourths of a mile in width; while at Delaware City it widens to two miles and a half. Delaware Bay is twenty-six miles across in the

widest part, which is some miles within the entrance of the Capes.

October 31st was cool and gusty. The river route to Philadelphia is twenty-nine statute miles. The passage was made against a strong head-wind, with swashy waves, which made me again regret that I did not have my canoe-decking made at Troy, instead of at Philadelphia. The highly-cultivated farms and beautiful country-seats along both the Pennsylvania and New Jersey sides of the river spoke highly of the rich character of the soil and the thrift of the inhabitants. These river counties of two states may be called a land of plenty, blessed with bountiful harvests.

Quaker industry and wise economy in managing the agricultural affairs of this section in the early epochs of our country's settlement have borne good fruit. All praise to the memory of William Penn of Pennsylvania and his worthy descendants. The old towns of Bristol on the right, and Burlington on the left bank, embowered in vernal shades, have a most comfortable and home-like appearance.

At five o'clock P. M. I arrived at the city pier opposite the warehouse of Messrs. C. P. Knight & Brother, No. 114 South Delaware Avenue, where, after a struggle with wind and wave for eight hours, the canoe was landed and deposited with the above firm, the gentlemen of which kindly offered to care for it while I tarried in the "City of Brotherly Love."

Among the many interesting spots hallowed by memories of the past in which Philadelphia abounds, and which are rarely sought out by visitors, two especially claim the attention of the naturalist. One is the old home of William Bartram, on the banks of the Schuylkill at Grey's Ferry; the other, the grave of Alexander Wilson, friends and co-laborers in nature's extended field;—the first a botanist, the second the father of American ornithology.

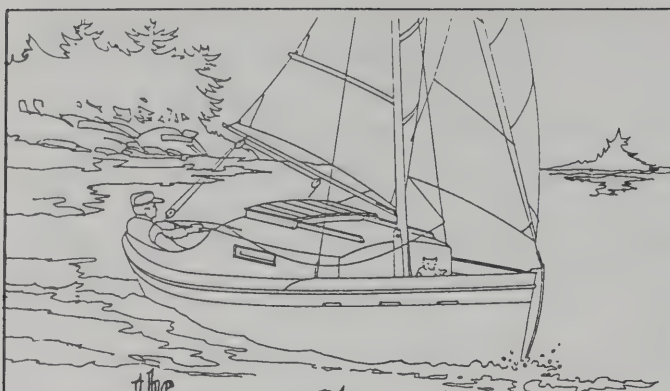
William Bartram, son of the John Bartram who was the founder of the Botanic Garden on the west bank of the Schuylkill, was born at that interesting spot in 1739. All botanists are familiar with the results of his patient labors and his pioneer travels in those early days, through the wilderness of what now constitutes the southeastern states. One who visited him at his home says: "Arrived at the botanist's garden,

we approached an old man who, with a rake in his hand, was breaking the clods of earth in a tulip-bed. His hat was old, and flapped over his face; his coarse shirt was seen near his neck, as he wore no cravat nor kerchief; his waistcoat and breeches were both of leather, and his shoes were tied with leather strings. We approached and accosted him. He ceased his work, and entered into conversation with the ease and politeness of nature's nobleman. His countenance was expressive of benignity and happiness. This was the botanist, traveller and philosopher we had come to see."

William Bartram gave important assistance and encouragement to the friendless Scotch pedagogue, Alexander Wilson, while the latter was preparing his American Ornithology for the press. This industrious and peaceable botanist died within the walls of his dearly-loved home a few minutes after he had penned a description of a plant. He died in 1823, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The old house of John and William Bartram remains nearly the same as when the last Bartram died, but the grounds have been occupied and improved by the present proprietor, whose fine mansion is near the old residence of the two botanists.

Without ample funds to enable him to carry out his bold design, Alexander Wilson labored and suffered in body and mind for several years, until his patient and persistent efforts achieved the success they so richly merited. All but the last volume of his American Ornithology were completed when the overworked naturalist died.

The old Swedes' Church is the most ancient religious edifice in Philadelphia, and is located near the wharves in the vicinity of Christian and Swanson streets, in the old district of Southwark. The Swedes had settlements on the Delaware before Penn visited America. They built a wooden edifice for worship in 1677, on the spot where the brick "Swedes' Church" now stands, and which was erected in 1700. Threading narrow streets, with the stenographic reporter of the courts, Mr. R. A. West, for my guide, we came into a quiet locality where the ancient landmark reared its steeple, like the finger of faith pointing heavenward. Few indeed must be the fashionable Christians who worship under its unpretentious roof, but there is an air of antiquity surrounding it which interests every



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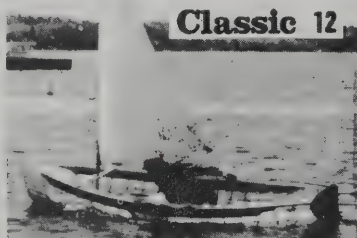
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visitor who enters its venerable doorway.

The church-yard is very contracted in area, yet there is room for trees to grow within its sacred precincts, and birds sometimes rest there while pursuing their flight from the Schuylkill to the Delaware. Among the crowded graves is a square brick structure, covered with an horizontal slab of white marble, upon which I read:

"THIS MONUMENT COVERS THE REMAINS OF

ALEXANDER WILSON,

AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

HE WAS BORN IN RENFREWSHIRE, SCOTLAND, ON THE 6 JULY, 1766;

EMIGRATED TO THE UNITED STATES IN THE YEAR 1794;

AND DIED IN PHILADELPHIA, OF THE DYSENTERY,

ON THE 23 AUGUST, 1813, AGED 47.

Ingenio stat sine morte decus."

Philadelphia has been called the "city of homes," and well does she merit that comfortably sounding title, for it is not a misnomer. Unlike some other large American cities, the artisan and laborer can here own a home by becoming a member of a building association and paying the moderate periodical dues. Miles upon miles of these cosy little houses, of five or six rooms each, may be found, the inmates of which are a good and useful class of citizens, adding strength to the city's discipline and government.

The grand park of three thousand acres, one of, if not *the* largest in the world, is near at hand, where the poor as well as the rich can resort at pleasure. I took leave of the beautiful and well laid-out city with a pang of regret not usual with canoeists, who find it best for their comfort and peace of mind to keep with their dainty crafts away from the heterogeneous and not over-civil population which gathers along the water-fronts of a port.



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BACK OF THE BOOK

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Sounds of silence

THE WORLD AROUND me tells me I am out of step with the majority. Civilization grows louder and louder, and I like the quiet. I seek it out. I feel uncomfortable with people who are uncomfortable without noise.

My sentiment is learned. I grew up in a busy but peaceful household. In fact, we had a "quiet hour" every day after lunch for naps or rest. My father was the model of quietness and introspection. He spent most of his days then, as he does now, softly and skillfully rooting, grafting, and pruning the prize-winning camellias he grows in his Southern greenhouses.

We had a summer place on the North Carolina coast, and in our boathouse was a sleek Cris-Craft speed boat and a large dory with a big motor. My father liked to take us out occasionally on the powered boats, but most of the time they sat unused.

A child of the Depression, he satisfied a personal desire in himself by owning the motorboats. But he used them prudently and responsibly, as he does everything. He was much more content to be in one of the small wooden rowboats he built for my sister and me. He loved the natural sounds around him, and he couldn't hear them if his ears were being assaulted by an engine's roar.

I spent almost every summer day for six years in my rowboat, edging along the shore with a mesh net catching shrimp, crabs, and minnows. It was a rich experience — gazing long into the clear shore waters and drifting out beyond our pier to loll on the waves. It inured me to silence.

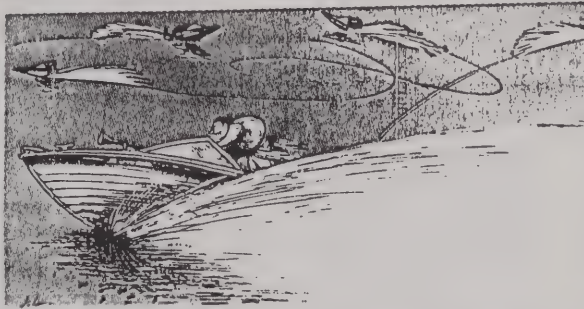
No wonder that my emotions are wrenched by the noise that has invaded Maine waters. Coastal shores and inland lakes and ponds are teeming with over 120,000 registered motorboats, plus the loud new generation of water toys — jet skis, wet bikes, wave runners, jet-star boats, and next year, "fast tracks."

The disturbance that this new recreational "fleet" creates is robbing more and more of our waters of quiet, and some wildlife, such as the loon, are actually threatened. Speeding boats can cause young to be separated from their parents, resulting in the chicks being killed by predators.

For those of us lucky enough to live on the water, the noise intrusion can be simply maddening. Five years ago, the bay where I live was relatively peaceful, even in the summer and even with a marina around the point. The water was dotted with seals, sea ducks, and herons, and the sky was alive with osprey and hawks. But now the roar and wrrrooom of motors is constant in the summer and has scared off a lot of wildlife. The waterway "cowboys" racing up and down the shore have come close to swamping me in my kayak. They seem to have no common courtesy, no appreciation for the sensitive environment around them.

I've heard camp owners on inland lakes agonize over the rising level of motorboat noise — to the point that they are willing to sell and look for a new tranquil spot. Those who have enjoyed a peaceful lake for 20 or 30 years simply can't adjust to the boaters who think they have a constitutional "right" to do as they please. They grieve the loss.

Philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer would be an eloquent ally on the subject today. Over 130 years ago, he was railing about noise. It "paralyzes the brain, murders thought, and must cause pain to anyone who has anything like an idea in his head." A few figures show why. The rustle of leaves in a breeze is 10 decibels (dB), about the lowest level people can hear. Normal conversation is about 40 decibels. Sound becomes "annoying noise" in the range of 50 to 70 dB, the level when body reactions (such as increased heartbeat) begin. Actual ear pain begins at 108 dB. If the lowly 50-horsepower motor runs



at over 70 dB, as do the new generation of water toys, you can imagine the noise level of the 100-, 200-, and 300-horsepower motors.

Amid this late '80s boating craze, a new state commission is looking into the problems of overcrowded lakes and safety issues around motorboats and their noisy relatives, as well as poor enforcement of Maine's marine safety laws. Two young

people have been killed on jet skis, and one boat ran over another on Ossipee Lake recently, putting five people in the hospital. Big motorboats in the Songo Locks have created such large wakes that banks have eroded between Brandy Pond and Sebago Lake. Boats are dumping garbage and septic tank wastes into inland lakes, such as Sebago, Portland's drinking water supply. Swimmers and canoeists feel endangered by drunken, reckless boaters. Not a day goes by in the summer without a boating complaint to the state warden's regional office in Gray, according to Lt. Carter Smith.

Ogunquit is one place that has taken action to curb dangerous boaters. Selectmen passed a five-mile-an-hour limit on all craft traveling along the Ogunquit River to the ocean. Citizens groups have petitioned recently for horsepower limits on motorboats using Long Pond in Acadia National Park, Poverty Pond in Shapleigh, Parker Pond in Mount Vernon, and Lake Onawa in Ellitsville Township. In all those cases, however, the commissioner of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife rejected the limitation requests. His legal authority to limit or ban motors is based solely on a public safety basis, and he said he couldn't justify a horsepower limitation for that reason on the ponds and lake.

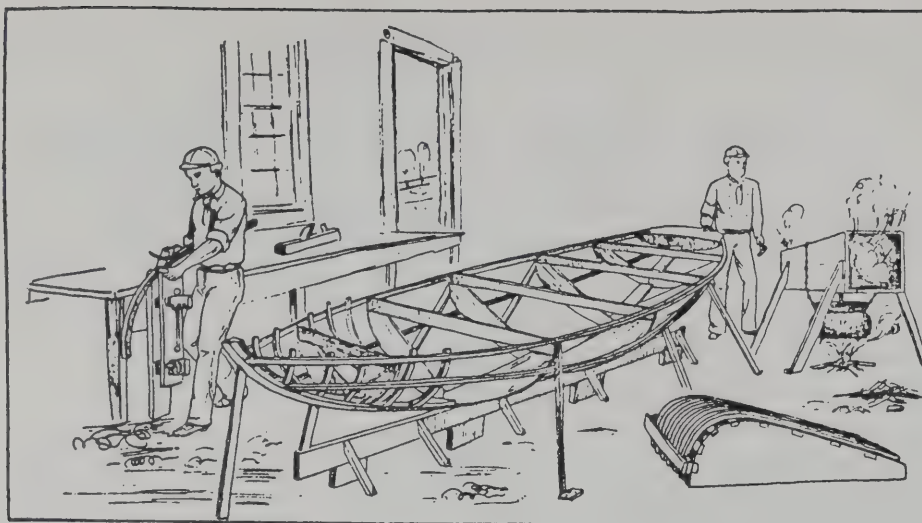
At recent public hearings held by the boating commission, citizen complaints focused almost entirely on safety. There was no voice in the debate defending the prerogative of people to conserve silence. It suggested that most of us are now conditioned to think we must put up with noise and that silence has little societal value compared to the "internal combustion" that generates billions of dollars in sales.

I think, however, that people have as much "right" to demand silence as boats have a "right" to pollute with noise. As it stands now, Baxter State Park is not only Maine's bastion of wilderness but silence is held dear. Motorboats are banned on all bodies of water in the 200,000-acre preserve except Mattagamon Lake and Webster Lake at the northernmost end of the park. Elsewhere, there are 31 lakes and ponds off-limits to motorboats. Six-horsepower motors are all that's allowed on 10 ponds, and there's a limit of 10 horsepower on 16 ponds. But again, the issue is safety — all of these water bodies are small and shallow.

Unless we want a frontier-like free-for-all on our waters, we need legislation or regulation that would give people petition power to preserve the quiet. The more we destroy peaceful waters, the more of Maine we lose as a refuge for our spiritual renewal. We evolved from a

universe of Nature's sounds, and we will always need silent places. The quiet preserves our link not only with our ecological roots but with ourselves.

by Phyllis Austin



From the Boat Shops

I've been hearing from boat builders and designers increasingly this fall, and thought it about time to publish some of their comments in their own sort of "trade" section, since people designing, building and restoring boats for a living have different imperatives governing how they mess about in boats. So, as the material warrants, I'll run this news periodically. Any and all in the trade are welcome to write for publication.

THE MELONSEED SKIFF

In the fall of 1987 a customer asked if we could rebuild and fiberglass an old but lovely little traditional boat he had just purchased. As he described what the boat needed I was dubious about both the merits and the projected costs of the job. I had recently promised myself to not take on any more of these spiritually satisfying but financially disastrous jobs. His reply was that he might drop it off at the shop so I could have a look.

About two weeks later, there on the doorstep like an abandoned child, was this little Melonseed Skiff. Her condition was less than promising but her lines made my heart skip a beat. I moved her aside and tried unsuccessfully to ignore her and heed my own best advice. This became pretty difficult when every visitor to the shop was likewise stricken with her charm and inquired when the restoration would begin.

It's funny how we fall in love. It sort of sneaks up on you when you least expect it. We fixed her up and fiberglassed her hull and deck. The results were surprisingly good. Nice to know that after all these years I can still surprise myself. Hating...to part with the boat now, altogether, we made a quick splash mold of her hull so that someday we might be able to make a copy for ourselves. When word of this got out around town, I had suddenly about a half-dozen unsolicited orders.

Just for fun, we test sailed the original glass-over-wood boat at the Small Boat Show in Newport last May. She was heavy, poorly rigged and sailed with an ill-fitting centerboard borrowed from a Sunfish, yet in spite of all the handicaps, sailed the equal of and mostly better than anything else on the water at the Show. Each time I got back to my dock there would be another enthusiastic group awaiting me in order to ask

questions. From this I have names now of four people who want to be notified as soon as the boat is in production. Not bad for a blind date that I hadn't been interested in.

I have long pondered what design we might undertake to build in addition to our Swampscott Dory, feeling that the dory would be a hard act to follow. But this Melonseed settled that question, and now after months of researching, planning, designing and building the plugs and molds, we are now ready to introduce our Melonseed Skiff at the Boston Sailboat Show this coming February.

The original drawings appear in Chapelle's "American Small Sailing Craft" and were of a New Jersey Melonseed Sailing Skiff, dated 1888. The skiff was intended as an improvement in the Barnegat Bay Sneakbox to provide a more seaworthy, drier boat for choppy waters on New Jersey bays. The hull is fast, seakindly, remarkably stable and rows easily enough to rival even some of the specialized rowing craft. We have been very thoughtful in our reproduction of this design so as to produce a craft that will be faithful to its predecessors in appearance and performance. Like our Swampscott Dories, the hulls will be in fiberglass with up-to-date higher tech materials for lightness and strength. A sprit rig similar to that used on the dory will be used. We'd like to provide that wonderful blend of elegant appearance, solid construction and great performance.

Herewith some specifications, some still approximate at this time:

LOA 13'8"; Beam 4'3"; Weight 140 lbs. approx.; Sail Area 63 sq. ft. approx.; Cockpit length 6'3"; Spars, laminated spruce; Woodwork, oiled teak with varnished oak as an option; Projected cost \$3,000 approx.

Roger Crawford, Crawford Boat Building, P.O. Box 430, Humarock, MA 02047, (617) 837-3666.

SMALL IS STILL BEAUTIFUL

Here at Cape Breton Boatyard we operate on the notion that "small is still beautiful", regardless of current consumer boating trends. We build our boats only from December to April, as Cape Breton Boatyard also operates as a full service yacht yard and we're busy launching, servicing and hauling and storing yachts during spring and summer and fall.

We have built a new building in which to do the fiberglass layup on our hulls, as both the firms that have been supplying us with the bare hulls have gone belly up. We have moved slowly before making commitments to increase production or add to our product line. So far we have built and delivered 56 Bra D'Or Tenders, 16 Medway Salmon Wherries and 15 Wing System Touring Shells. Last summer I rowed over 300 miles in my Wing System Shell.

Henry Fuller, Cape Breton Boatyard Ltd., Box 247, Baddeck, NS, Canada B0E 1B0, (902) 295-2664.

EASTERN BOATS, WESTERN BUILDER

We build a variety of traditional wooden boats in both conventional plank-on-frame and in plywood here at Aeolus Boats in Davenport, California. Most of the designs are from the east coast, but the peapod, for example, did find it's way to the west coast where it was used by seal hunters.

We offer an 18' St. Lawrence Skiff; a 16' Whitehall; a 15' peapod; 12' and 15' dories and an 18' lumberman's bateau; an 8' Herreshoff tender; 14' gunning skiffs in several versions; and even gasoline yachts, round bottom or deadrise, 19' standard, powered by Hicks or Universal engines.

Aeolus Boats, 528 Stagg Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95062, (707) 423-5681 days.

GREW LIKE TOPSY

We started our "Small Boat Shop" here in S. Norwalk, Connecticut, as a retirement hobby business some eight years ago. It grew like Topsy as we kept adding to our stock all the little, and later not so little, boats that we loved. More boats, more help, more insurance, more taxes, more paperwork, more time away from the water that we retired to enjoy. Twelve hour workdays, seven day workweeks. No good! Start over.

We are now selling really small, small boats; kayaks, canoes, rowing shells and dinghies. We are closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays. We now spend a lot of time on the water so that we can get to know our boats better and teach people how to use them.

We are fortunate to be located right on the Norwalk River. The Norwalk Islands are just a mile away on Long Island Sound.

We keep stocking things that interest us, such as the Balogh Batwing kayak and canoe sails featured in the November 1st issue; a real fiberglass Alaskan Eskimo survival hunting kayak; Swedish boat carts; the little Australian Keowee kayak; and, as they say, more. We still have our book, magazine and video collection and lending library. We are collecting small boat "put-ins" and "take-outs" for our friends.

We do have a small problem. They knocked down our shop. But the good news is that a new one is being built for us on the same location. Meanwhile we have moved our shop and some 50 boats 100 yards into the bar and dance floor of the Pier Restaurant. We have some 20 boats in a nearby shipping container (red carpet on the floor and lights) and our office is in a construction trailer. What a mess!

But, our demo boats are ready for use and we hope you will come to see us now, while we have character, before we move into our new plush quarters in April.

Ed Rogers, The Small Boat Shop, 144 Water St., S. Norwalk, CT 06854, (203) 854-5223.

DENNIS HAS A KIDS' KAYAK DESIGN

The mention of "kids' kayaks" in the September 15th issue causes me to suggest to you that perhaps your readers might be interested in my DK8. This is a junior kayak with a capacity of about 115 pounds, length of about 8' and beam of 23". It's made from a single 4'x8' sheet of marine grade 3mm plywood. I can send on a leaflet with details of all my designs, including the DK8, for \$2 U.S. for air mail postage. Plans are \$22 U.S. by second class airmail.

Dennis Davis, c/o 38 Redditch Rd., Bromsgrove, Worcs. B60 4JN, England.

FOR SALE WITH REGRETS

It is with regret that we have decided to sell Wayland Marine as we had hoped it would become a small retirement business for us. Last February, Tony twisted a nerve in his back while running for the phone and since then he's spent a month in bed, two months in a hospital and now must use a cane, wear a back brace and an electronic machine to control the pain. He may face surgery within a year. My own chronic fatigue syndrome has flared up again with all this so we're in no shape to run a business.

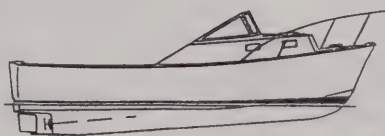
We would be selling the Wayland name and the North American rights to manufacturing the "Wayfarer" and "Sprite" kits, including all pre-cut components, mylar patterns, templates, manuals, etc. As only basic home carpentry shop tools are required to produce the kits, we are not including our shop equipment. A buyer must sign a contract with "Wayfarer" designer Ian Proctor guaranteeing certain standards of quality in the kits. We are asking \$20,000 U.S. The "Wayfarer" and "Sprite" rights and materials can be sold separately if it is desirable to a prospective new owner.

It is a small business, manageable on a part-time basis. Sales of "Wayfarer" kits stabilized a few years ago and we perhaps foolishly reduced our advertising. It now needs a new brochure and a nationwide advertising campaign to get it rolling again. We have developed quite a bit of interest in the "Wayfarer" over the past several years. Presently several potential sales are pending. We feel the business would benefit by being relocated to the east coast closer to a larger market and thus reducing costly shipping charges.

We have enjoyed being in this business, have met interesting people and learned much about boats. We enjoyed being at boat shows with such beautiful products.

Betty Lord, Wayland Marine (Cobblewood), P.O. Box 33, Cobble Hill, B.C., Canada V0R 1L0, (604) 743-4741.

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The "Parsons" is our newest offering. In 1890, Riley Parsons left the Grant Boat Shop to start his own business in Old Forge, New York. His subsequent boats duplicated the hull shapes his previous employer had developed, continuing the "Browns Tract" flared stems both bow and stern. Accentuating this flare even more, Parsons created what some consider the most elegant design ever developed for an Adirondack Guideboat. The slightly higher bow and hollow entry provide a dry ride in a chop and an entire family can ride in comfort.

Our 16' copy provides high strength, low weight and traditional looks. Laminated ribs, original style seat and yoke cleats, Hunter Green interior and naturally finished woodwork make this an outstandingly beautiful craft. The decks are large, slightly crowned and finished off with a coaming and center trim piece. It has removable floorboards, three caned seats and a backrest. Traditional reproduction "fancy" rowlock plates are fitted in two rowing positions.

Gardner Callanen, Indian Point Guideboat Co., 732 Midland Ave., Midland, PA 15059, (412) 643-5457.

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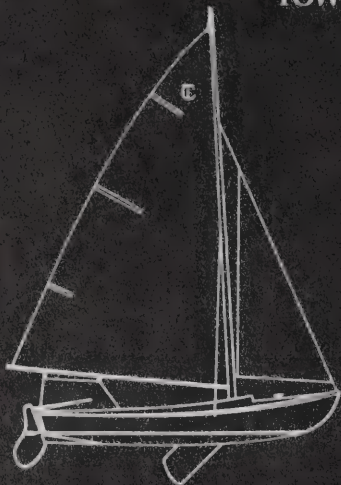
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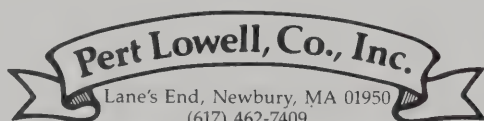
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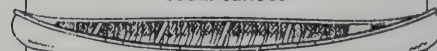
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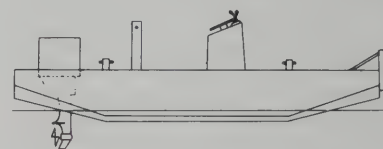
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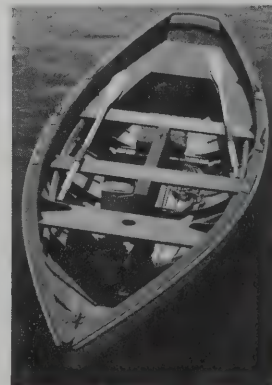
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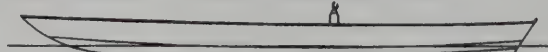


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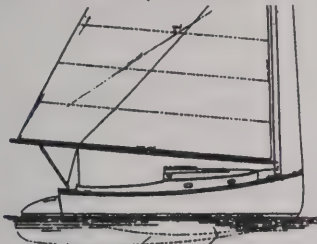
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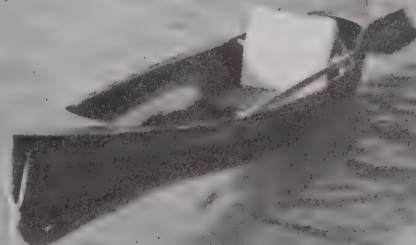
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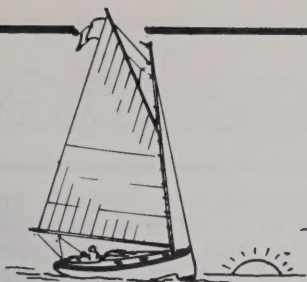
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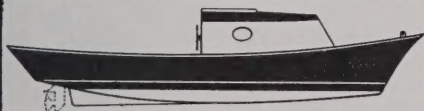
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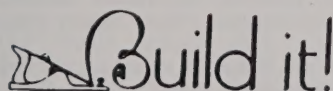
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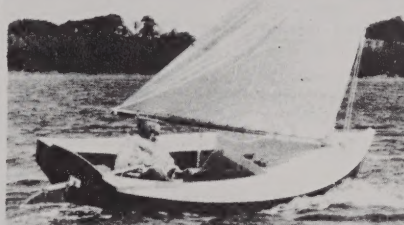
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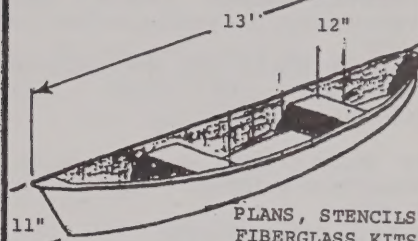
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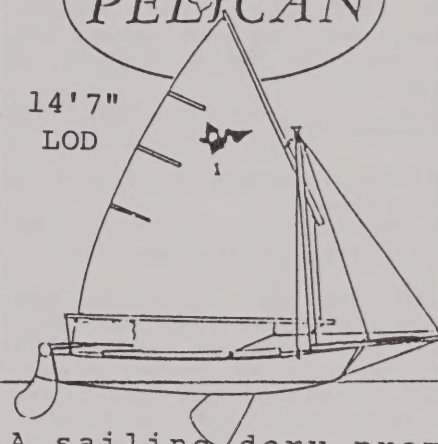


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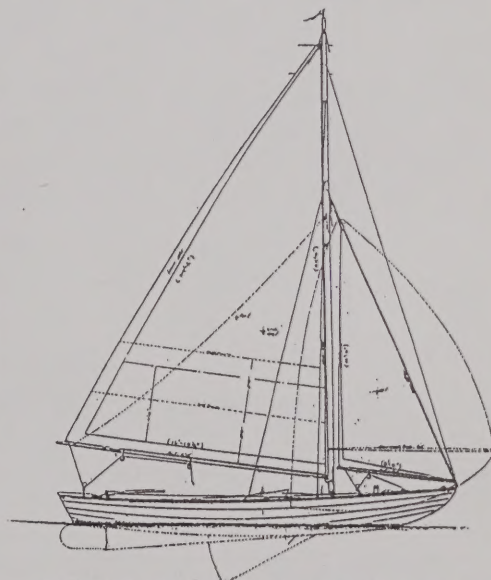
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